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THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

PICTORIAL

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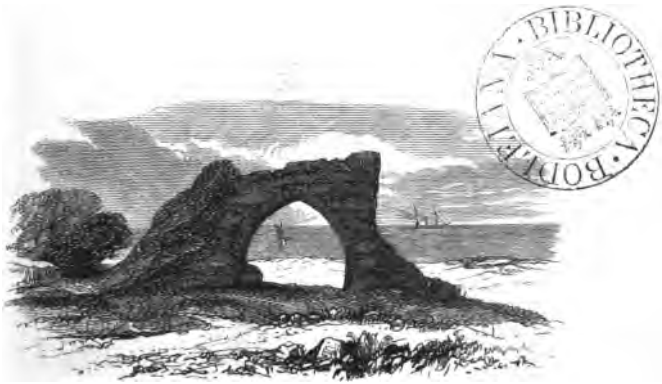
PICTORIAL,

LEGENDARY, AND DESCRIPTIVE.



BIBLIOTHECA ROYALE

GROSNEZ CASTLE.

BY

OCTAVIUS ROOKE.

LONDON:
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1856.

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PREFACE.

On inquiring at the Booksellers' for a guide of some sort to the Channel Islands previous to my departure from England, I was informed that there was none in existence, the only work on the subject having been issued many years ago, and was then out of print. Endeavouring, therefore, to supply this deficiency, I have produced the following volume, and trust that, as the drawings for it were made with great attention to accuracy, and the larger portion of the letterpress was written on the spot, it will be found a faithful guide and pleasant companion to these beautiful Islands. Should this little work also be the means of pointing out to Tourists a place where they may spend their holiday with pleasure, and suggest to them trains of thought in unison with the scenery, it will have succeeded in accomplishing the object desired by

THE AUTHOR.

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THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

HISTORY.

S it appeared desirable to give an outline of the history of the Channel Islands before going into the description of their beauties, I have compiled this chapter from Falle's "History of Jersey," and Duncan's "History of Guernsey;" without, however, going into any minute detail.

The Channel Islands were doubtless inhabited from a very early period; they contain many remains of Druid temples. Numerous Roman coins and relics having been found in them, and many of the names of places and buildings

being of Roman origin, there can be no doubt that they were at one time subjected to that wide-spread rule.

Little, however, but what is gathered from tradition, is known of the Islands previous to the Norman period, when they formed part of that government; and in the early part of the tenth century we find Robert I., duke of Normandy, giving laws to, and building forts in, both Jersey and Guernsey.

These forts were places of refuge for the islanders to resort to, when pirates or other enemies invaded their coasts; they were given into the custody of some leading family, on condition that the poorer people should always be received there in times of danger. The family of Saumarez held Jerbourg Castle, in Guernsey, on this tenure, for a long period.

The Norman conquest of England brought the Channel Islands under the same government as that country, and never since have they been severed from a Crown to which they appear to have been invariably loyal and attached.

King John visited both Jersey and Guernsey, and took measures for their defence; he also instituted Royal Courts in each of these Islands, which exist to the present time.

If we may judge by the number of churches built, and liberally endowed, about this period, the Islands must have enjoyed peace and prosperity in a high degree. They were frequently attacked by the French, but were always enabled to repulse them, and keep their soil sacred from invaders, until the reign of Edward III.; then, in the year 1340, the French gained possession of Guernsey, but in a few months

the King collected a large fleet, and attacking the French completely routed them, and hanged the Admiral at his own yard-arm.

In 1372, the combined French and Spanish fleets again attacked Guernsey, but were opposed and defeated by the inhabitants. About the same period Du Guesclin, the constable of France, landed in Jersey with 10,000 men, and laid siege to Mount Orgueil Castle; the defenders agreed to surrender if they were not succoured before a certain day, and Du Guesclin returned to France, there to await the issue of his undertaking. Before the specified time an English fleet appeared off Jersey, and thus the siege was raised, and the French army retired to its own country, having effected nothing.

In the reign of Henry IV. the Islands were ravaged by the French; and although the castles were not taken, much property was destroyed and damage done to the inhabitants.

During the contest between Henry VI. and Edward IV. for the crown of England, the Count de Maulevrier, one of the adherents of the former, or rather of his mother, Margaret of Anjou, sent over an emissary, who, with the connivance of the Governor, seized on Mount Orgueil Castle, and gained possession of one half of Jersey; the remaining portion being still held for Edward by Philip de Carteret, seigneur of St. Ouen, whose head-quarters were Grosnez Castle, which stands at the north-western extremity of the island, as Orgueil does at the south-eastern. Thus things continued for about six years, until Sir Richard Harliston, vice-admiral of England, acting in conjunction with De

Carteret, besieged the French by sea and land, and forced them to capitulate.

The next important occurrence in the Islands was in the reign of Edward VI., when the French took Sark, and afterwards attacked Guernsey and Jersey, but were severely repulsed at both places.

In Queen Mary's reign, Sark was retaken from the French by some Dutchmen, subjects of her husband, Philip of Spain ; this incident will be found detailed in the account of Sark, given later in this book. With this exception, no hostilities occurred between the Islands and France in this or the two succeeding reigns. Queen Elizabeth had the castle which bears her name built in Jersey, and Castle Cornet in Guernsey, much strengthened ; and it was owing probably to these defences that the Islands enjoyed so long a period of repose. The historian terms this the "Golden Age" of the Islands.

We now come to that unhappy period of English history when civil war broke out, and deluged with blood all parts of her possessions, including the Channel Islands.

In this unnatural war Guernsey appears to have sided with the Parliament, while Jersey remained firm in its allegiance to Charles. Castle Cornet, however, in Guernsey, held out for the King, and it was not till 1651 that it capitulated, and obtained honourable terms. Just at the same time the Parliamentary General Haines, with a large army, effected a landing in Jersey, at St. Ouen's Bay, and reduced that island to submission ; the Elizabeth Castle was the last place to surrender : but, finding no succours could

reach him, Sir George Carteret obtained most honourable terms, and surrendered, marching out with all the honours of war.

Previously to this, on two occasions, Charles II. took refuge in Jersey. The first time he remained about two months, this was during his father's lifetime; afterwards, when himself king, but exiled from England, he came and resided for the whole winter among his faithful adherents, the Jerseymen; and so great an interest did he take in the island, that he drew a map of it with his own hand: he also enlarged the Elizabeth Castle, and wished it to be called Charles Fort, but, for some unknown reason, it retained its original appellation.

All this while, in Guernsey, much discontent prevailed; the Governors trying to get all power into their hands, and the leaders of the people resisting them. The details of these times are given in Duncan's History.

On Charles II. being restored to his throne, mindful of the shelter he had received in Jersey, and of the great loyalty of her inhabitants, he presented to the Bailly and magistrates a large silver-gilt mace, with a suitable inscription engraved upon it; he also granted them certain privileges, and took special care of the defences of the island.

James II. displeased the inhabitants of Jersey by introducing a Popish garrison into the castle, and thus endeavouring to interfere with their religious opinions; they consequently gladly hailed the revolution that placed William and Mary on his throne, and sent a loyal address to the new sovereigns.

The people of Guernsey also immediately sided with William and Mary, and disarmed the Roman Catholics in the garrison by the following stratagem: the senior Protestant officer of the garrison having joined the plot of the townspeople, he so managed, that when his turn came for duty, all the Protestant soldiers came on parade with their muskets loaded, and on a given signal they stepped to the front, faced about, and levelled their pieces at their astonished comrades, whom they disarmed and secured; at the same time the chief captain of the militia, with a strong force, disarmed all the Romanists in the town.

An attempt was made by the Duke of Nassau, in 1779, to invade Jersey; but his endeavours were frustrated by the prompt measures taken by the authorities. In the following year another French General, the Baron de Rullecourt, with 1200 men, landed in Jersey during the night, and, entering the town, surprised the Governor in bed.

Rullecourt then informed his prisoner that he had 4000 men with him, and that he would set fire to the town, if he did not surrender immediately; worked on by these means the Governor signed a capitulation, and sent written orders to the different corps stationed in the island not to leave their barracks.

The garrison, however, finding that the Governor was a prisoner, refused to obey his orders, and joining with the militia, the whole, under the command of Major Pierson, attacked Rullecourt, who had drawn up his forces in the Royal Square, and entirely defeated him. Major Pierson

was killed early in the action, while gallantly leading on his grenadiers ; Rullecourt was also mortally wounded.

Thus happily terminated the last invasion of the Channel Islands ; and may it be long before their smiling shores again become scenes of strife.

* * * * *

The Islands are governed by their own laws, derived from, and often similar with, those of the old Normans. They are divided into two military Lieutenant-Governorships, the appointment of these officers resting with the Crown ; one Governorship includes Jersey, the other Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark : but both the latter have assemblies of their own for civil administration, although they are (I believe) in some measure, dependent on the Superior Court of Guernsey.

Jersey and Guernsey are quite independent of each other, and have their own States, or Houses of Parliament, presided over by their respective Baillies ; in their courts of justice, the pleadings, &c. are carried on in French, and the whole affair is very tedious and unsatisfactory.

JERSEY.

ELIZABETH CASTLE.

CHAPTER II.

THE ARRIVAL.

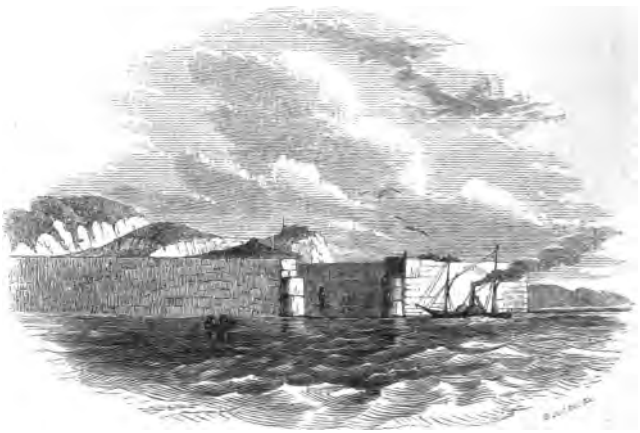
THE distance from Southampton to Jersey is 120 miles; steam-packets, which carry the mail, leave for Jersey and Guernsey every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday night:

there is also a steamer weekly from Plymouth; besides which, a cargo-boat starts from Southampton on Tuesdays, and cutters and steamers constantly run from London. This year (1856) there are to be packets from Weymouth, which will make the Channel Islands still more accessible.

Jersey is the largest of this group of "Channel Islands;" it is about twelve miles long and averages six in width, its circumference is perhaps forty miles. The approach to it by the Bay of St. Aubin's is very fine; the entrance to the harbour being commanded on the one side by the Elizabeth Castle, and on the other by Fort Regent; the latter, towering over town and sea, presents an appearance not unlike Ehrenbreitstein. Visitors are generally enabled to step ashore from the steamer, but, when quite low water, are obliged to have recourse to boats: the landing-places are the two piers, called the Victoria and the Albert, which have been built within the last few years, and form a commodious harbour, in place of the small fishing-boat one that previously existed. Most visitors will, however, take but a casual glance at all this, (especially if they have had a rough passage) but will hasten to push through the crowd, which usually collects to see the arrival of the steamer, and drive to their hotel; the principal of these are the British, the Yacht Club, the Royal, the Union, the York,—there are many others, and also plenty of good boarding-houses, such as Bree's, in Bath Street, Tozer's, Werndley's, &c. The charges for board and lodging are usually about twenty-five shillings a-week, but of course these vary according to the accommodation required; the hotels will also board those

that wish it on very moderate terms, and they do it very comfortably.

Lodgings are very numerous ; and houses of all shapes and sizes, with or without gardens, furnished or unfurnished, are always to be obtained at a very moderate rent, and no taxes ; visitors will thus be able to accommodate themselves, whatever their tastes and incomes. We will now leave them to settle themselves, before we commence lionizing them over the island.



ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR.

FORT REGENT.

CHAPTER III.

ST. HELIER'S.

ST. HELIER'S, the principal town of the island, and indeed the only one of any importance, has, together with its environs, a population of upwards of 30,000 ; it is pleasantly situated, and contains many good shops, excellent markets, clubs, a theatre, a racquet court, churches, and chapels of

nearly all denominations, a public library, &c.; in fact, everything that conduces to make a provincial town agreeable.

The town is not apparently built on any regular plan, but rather seems to have been added to from time to time, according to the fancy of the builder and the immediate requirements of the population; there is nothing striking in its architecture, but, nevertheless, it has a most cheerful and pleasant appearance. The Citadel, or Fort Regent, is seen rising above the houses, giving a Continental appearance to the streets.

A good general view of the town is obtained by starting from the Royal Square, and proceeding by Queen Street to the College, the grounds of which contain beautiful terraced walks, which command charming and extensive views over St. Aubin's and St. Clement's Bays. Fort Regent is strongly relieved against the sky, and to the right of it the town stretches far inland on a level plain, and the hills all round are dotted with bright white villas. The College itself is a handsome structure, built in commemoration of the visit of Queen Victoria to the island in 1846; it is the principal educational establishment in Jersey.

From the College the visitor can proceed, by a road leading from the upper part of the grounds, to St. Clement's Bay, the principal bathing-place of the island, and deservedly so, as the whole sweep of this magnificent bay is formed of hard sand, gradually shelving to the sea, without rocks or hindrance of any sort; there are numerous bathing-machines here, and an establishment for hot sea-bathing. Returning

from St. Clement's towards the town, the road runs along the sea-shore round the Pointe des Pas, where, on a summer's evening, the water is alive with the juvenile population, who use the shelves of rock as dressing-rooms. The Pointe des Pas is so called in honour of the Virgin, whose footsteps are supposed to have been visible in the rock : they are now, however, no longer recognisable.

A good view of Fort Regent is here gained, and the Elizabeth Castle is at your feet ; the former is a modern fortification of great strength, built by the English Government, at an expense of about one million sterling ; while the latter is a more ancient structure, dating from Queen Elizabeth's time. It was not all, however, built in her day, but a portion was added by Charles I., and it was completed in the reign of his successor ; it then became the seat of Government. It is a particularly picturesque object, the rock it is built on being most irregularly shaped, and the castle walls follow all its curves. The rock is said to be nearly a mile in circumference, but if so, it certainly deceives the eye immensely ; it can be reached on foot, at low water, from the main land.

Its site was formerly occupied by the Abbey, or Priory, of St. Helier's, founded in honour of St. Helier, who was murdered by Norman pirates in the ninth century, on an adjoining rock, where he had taken up his residence : he was, by all accounts, a man of great sanctity, and passed his life in acts of devotion ; but, though meek and humble to a degree in all the ordinary observances of life, he was yet bold and undaunted when he conceived it his duty to

admonish the wicked, and thus he came by a martyr's death.

The Death of St. Helier.

I.

The last rays of the setting sun still tinged the hills which overlook St. Aubin's Bay ; they cast a glorious halo over sea and sky, seeming to wrap all nature in one glad harmony of sweet repose ; a holy calm slept on the waters ; above, the crescent moon, as the more glorious orb sinks down to rest, fast becomes visible, and seems to smile at its own fair image in the deep.

All nature was at rest ; but when will rest the passions of mankind ? Upon a rugged rock, which seaward stretched, extending to the centre of the bay, a cross was raised erect ; raised by the hands of the venerable Helerius, who now for many a day had lived within a rough arched cave upon that rugged rock, passing his time in meditation, and in prayer to the Most High.

The waters now receding from the land had left the rock dry, and round it stood a throng of hardy islanders ; anxiety and care sat on and shaded every face ; in low deep murmurs they conversed, and thus the sun went down.

* * * * *

II.

The ruddy torch, now lit by ready hand, casts a wild

glare upon the scene . . . . fit light by which to tell of deeds of blood. . . . . From the deep-arched cave the holy man comes forth, sedate and calm, and looking with benignant eye upon the rough-clad forms beneath, inquires their errand: they, answering, tell how from the hill which rises on the east the watch (which there is kept) have seen tall masts of vessels, and that they nearer come, with spreading sails fast speeding, and well they know who own those cursed barks; for never came they yet, but bloodshed, fire, and rapine, followed in their train. Sore troubled was Helerius as he heard, for earthly comfort had he none to give, but he bade them put their trust in God, and he the Almighty would deliver them; then, with his benediction, he dismissed all to their homes.

* * * * *

III.

The night wears on; Helerius on the rock kneels lowly, still in prayer . . . . the marauders' ships approach . . . . they draw to land . . . . the chieftain disembarks . . . . and guided by the hermit's torch, speeds to the rock . . . . At this Helerius, slow rising up, addresses him in his own tongue, and asks why thus he comes with ships of armed men to that poor isle? The chief replies, he comes for plunder, and desires that he will show where best he may obtain it. . . . . Helerius pleads that he will leave the land in peace, but pleads in vain . . . . then feeling within him the spirit of his God, he stern reproves the chieftain, and

warns him that his crimes will cause the anger of an incensed Deity to fall upon his guilty head. . . . . Scornful the chieftain laughs . . . . then up he springs upon the rock . . . . and with one blow of his great battle-axe, Helerius gains the crown of martyrdom . . . . "That much for thee; and for thy God, be he of heaven or hell, alike I him defy!" the chieftain cries . . . . The impious words were said, and from the rising waters comes the swift reply . . . . for now the tide's return brings sweeping in the waters of the bay; . . . . urged on by a fierce wind they come, and, seizing the high-prowed barks, *dash* them against the rocks.

* * * * *

IV.

The sun again is risen, again the rock is dry . . . . the islanders creep forth into the morning light . . . . around upon the coast lie scattered the wrecks of the proud barks, which lately rode so bravely o'er the waters . . . . and many a mail-clad form is there, returned to the clay from whence it came. . . . . And on the rock, beneath the cross, the martyred saint is sleeping, the last, long, holy sleep of death; . . . . guileless and good in life, he now in death lives evermore. . . . .

* * * * *

It was in the Elizabeth Castle that Charles II. took up his residence when seeking refuge in the island, which he did on two occasions; the last time remaining the entire winter, when he was accompanied by the Duke of York.

The Elizabeth Castle was the last fortress to hold out against the emissaries of Cromwell, and its gallant Governor, De Carteret, only surrendered on finding there was no chance of relief; he obtained most honourable terms.

Returning past the harbour into the town, the visitor will probably like to survey the Markets, of which there are no less than six; the principal one is situated in the angle, formed by Beresford Street and Halkett Place. Here may be seen fruits and vegetables of all descriptions, which the genial climate of the island brings to full perfection: of course, on the regular market-days this commodious resort is seen to best advantage; a Babel of tongues is heard on all sides, a mixed *patois* of French and English predominating; a most picturesque variety of costume, too, enhances the liveliness of the scene. But the fish-market and the adjoining French one, being more exclusively foreign, will perhaps find greater favour with strangers; there is in general a good variety of fish, shell-fish in great abundance. The prices here, as well as in the other markets, and also generally in the island, are in Jersey currency, of thirteen pence to an English shilling.

The Theatre is a neat structure; sometimes the company is French, sometimes English. The performances are generally well patronised, and better than usual in a town of the same dimensions.

The Racquet Court is a good one, but little patronised. There are two Clubs: the Victoria, the most important, in Beresford Street; the other, principally frequented by the old inhabitants, in the Bath Road.

The Nursery Gardens, particularly that of Saunders', should be visited, and will amply repay the trouble. The Chaumontel pears, so justly celebrated, grow to a fabulous size, and many other sorts of this delicious fruit flourish wonderfully. Grapes ripen without heat, and even in the open air, and figs luxuriate.

The inhabitants of the town (and of the island generally) are a most loyal race, many are now serving in the army, besides their own militia, of nearly 3000 strong ; they invariably celebrate any good news from the seat of war, and on the occasion of the taking of Sebastopol, for three nights the populace did nothing but let off fireworks, play music, and shout.

It is to be regretted, however, that there is not a little more enthusiasm on the subject of the fine arts. The visitor will see in the Royal Square a very high house, the highest in the Square ; this house contains a collection of very beautifully executed drawings by Le Capelin, who was an island artist, and one of whom the islanders may justly feel most proud, for he has succeeded in delineating those misty effects peculiar to Jersey with wonderful accuracy : they are, perhaps, more sketches than finished drawings, but they are true to nature, and I know no higher praise. Now this collection is positively shut up, together with many other interesting things forming the nucleus of a museum, in the aforesaid tall house, and is invisible to the public for the want of twenty-five pounds a-year, which sum the States refused to grant ; and thus the money already spent in forming the collection is wasted, and the curiosities and

pictures are handed over to dust and cobwebs, instead of forming one of the principal objects of interest in St. Helier's. I am aware there are *some* most public-spirited citizens, and I trust erelong others will come forward and join them in preserving *the* island-artist's drawings to the public.

The Churches in the town are not remarkable for their architectural beauty, with the exception of the new French Independent one, recently finished; it is in Halkett Place. The parish church, built in 1340, should be seen; it contains a monument by Gibson to Major Pierson, who fell fighting for his country in the glorious action fought within the town in 1781; this church was the last built of the twelve original churches of the island.

Having now touched on the principal features of the town, we will turn to the (to me) more pleasing task of examining the country: and there are great facilities for so doing to all classes, for omnibuses regularly ply to St. Aubin's and Gorey; and very nice carriages, of all descriptions, may be had on very reasonable terms at the numerous livery stables. There are also cabs and flys on stands about the town. But, reader, if you can, *walk*, and so add tenfold to your pleasure; for many of the most beautiful places in the island are usually unvisited by strangers, owing to the lazy habit of indulging only in carriage exercise. Drive if you like (and indeed ladies must do so) to some inn in the vicinity of the scene you intend visiting; but when you have put up your carriage start for a walk, as far as your strength will allow you.

CHAPTER IV.

WALKS ABOUT ST. HELIER'S.

HERE will always be such diversity of opinion as to scenic beauties, that it is impossible for an author to say dogmatically, "This thing, or that, is most worth seeing;" therefore, in the present volume, the reader will please to remember that the opinions expressed are merely those of the author himself, and he must not be disappointed if sometimes his own experience may lead him to disagree with such opinions. We all know the difference a passing cloud, a sunrise or sunset, a shower, &c., may produce in the same view; and the author's advice to those in search of the picturesque is, if disappointed in a scene that has been much praised, on the first view of it, *Go again;* and go, as a general rule, either in the morning or the evening, when you have the advantage of the long shadows; go, also, not in a hurried manner, but stroll quietly about, and off the beaten track. Be sure, if you do this, your enjoyment will be great.

There is a little valley called the Val des Vaux, situated

at the back of the town ; as you enter it, and round the first turning, the houses are shut out from view, and nature takes the place of art. A little stream of bright clear water comes trickling down ; the valley gradually ascends ; here and there is a small house or cottage just sufficient to enliven the scene: the valley is only wide enough to contain the brooklet, the road, and occasionally a small plot of turf. The sudden transition from the bustle of the town adds to the charm of this delicious

spot ; trees shade it thickly on the one hand, and on the other rises a common crowned with heather, ferns, and gorze ; this walk cannot fail to charm, and is within the reach of even bad walkers.

It would be impossible to describe all the walks in the vicinity of St. Helier's, for in every direction run roads and lanes innumerable. Never was a place so charming for the pedestrian; he need never return by the same road, but he can wander off up one of the many valleys and loiter under the shade of the over-arching trees; then, climbing to the summit of the surrounding hills, distant glimpses of the glorious ocean are revealed through the foliage, and new paths on every side invite him to other valleys, or to uplands, or hill-sides; all alike beautiful, but differing in the character of their beauty. First, there are the different peeps of sea, then (as we wander downwards) through the leafy vista will appear a little farm, with its orchards sloping from the vine-clad walls; tethered underneath the trees are grazing the gentle island cows, and on the embankments scramble the long-bearded goats. Down yet deeper into the bottom of the valley, and perhaps the little brook which always trickles near your path has gathered itself into a pool of placid water, round whose margin the deep green trees stand motionless; the secluded path turns under them and leads off to some fresh beauty.

Of a totally different character are the sea-side walks, that may be taken in either St. Aubin's or St. Clement's Bays; the latter may be particularly recommended, as the sands are perfectly firm and dry. When the tide is partly out, the ramble in this direction may be extended as far as Pontac, which lies at a short distance beyond the far corner of the Bay: there is an exceedingly well-appointed little Inn there, close to the sea. This walk entails a scramble

over the rocks at the corner of the Bay, but they can be avoided by mounting to the coast road just before coming to the point; a road more inland may be taken in order to return to the town. Peeping into the gardens, *en passant*, we see fuchsias growing to an enormous size and flowers of all sorts in profusion; but the islanders do not apparently cultivate their gardens so well as they might do: nature does so much that they do not think it necessary to assist her, or perhaps it is that they despise the ornamental, and give labour only to that which will repay them in money or in food.

The Victoria and Albert Piers are very pleasant resorts at all times, and on the days of the steam-packet's arrival are usually much frequented. These piers were built at the expense of the town, and some idea of their capabilities for affording walking exercise may be gained, when we are informed that the Victoria is about 400 yards long, and the Albert more; they are built of granite found in the island. On the outer side of them runs an esplanade, raised many feet above the road which occupies the inner space, and on to which the ships discharge their cargoes as they lie alongside. Thus from the esplanade there is always some busy scene to attract the attention of the lounger, besides which, outside the harbour there are views of sea and shore scarcely to be surpassed.

Should the visitor chance to be in Jersey at the time of the annual regatta, he will obtain an excellent view of it from these piers; and the *tout ensemble* of the gaily-dressed ships, the crowds of well-dressed persons, the *very* numerous pretty women, and the little boats that sail or row about in

all directions, is *at least* equal to anything of the sort that can be exhibited, even in places of more pretension than sweet little Jersey.

It is a matter of surprise that the inhabitants do not more study their own interests, by subscribing with greater liberality to so popular an amusement as boat-racing; nowhere in the United Kingdom can there be a more favourable course for the public to see without the trouble of embarking, and doubtless the extra attraction of such amusements would amply repay the tradesmen, &c., who might subscribe to them, by bringing more visitors to pass the summer in the island.

Rather more than two miles from St. Helier's is the Prince's Tower, or La Hogue Bie. It is built on a mound and commands extensive views of the island and coast; it is a curious little old tower, containing a hall, kitchen, library, and two or three other rooms. It is so completely encircled by trees that till quite close it can hardly be discerned, except just its summit with a flag-staff rising from it. It is called the Prince's Tower from having belonged to the Prince de Bouillon, who was an Admiral of England, and a resident in Jersey for many years. There was, however, a much more ancient building on the same site, supposed to have been a chapel, erected by a pious Lady de Hambye, in consequence of the following misfortune having befallen her husband.

The Dragon and De Hambye.

About that pleasant era when giants were in the habit

of waylaying fair ladies and incarcerating them in dungeons, from which they were invariably rescued by knights in search of adventure, (who, by the way, generally preferred this style of adventure, especially if the lady happened to be a princess and richly endowed,) a certain Dragon appeared one fine morning in the marsh of St. Lawrence. The principal characteristic of this formidable animal was his extraordinary appetite; to him nothing came amiss, fish, flesh, and fowl, without intermission disappeared down his capacious throat. But unfortunately even these did not satisfy him, and after a *pièce de resistance* in the shape of any tough old villagers who might come to hand, he used to make a light dessert off a few of the fairest maidens. Now this was a state of affairs the Sieur de Hambye was not going to stand; so one day he girded on his trusty sword, and, accompanied by only one esquire, left his weeping spouse in his castle in France, and started for the scene of devastation. Having found the Dragon at home, he soon polished him off; the *massive* attack of the latter having been as useless against the skill and bravery of the former, as those of the Russian bear have proved in more modern days against de Hambye's countrymen and their Allies. The *gallant* knight, being *naturally* tired with his exertions, went to sleep, the *ungallant* squire *unnaturally* cut his master's head off, and returned to the disconsolate widow, to whom he stated, that his Lord had been overcome by the monster, but that *he* had avenged his death. Moreover, that the late Lord in his last moments (his thoughts naturally reverting to his wife) had ordered him (the squire) to

espouse her. The disconsolate one consented at once, and thus the homicidal squire became lord of the lands of Hambye. But mark the sequel: a worm was gnawing at his heart, conscience was at work, and soon the twinges became so maddening that he confessed all,* and expiated his crime on the scaffold.

Moral deduced from the above by the world :—Never commit crime unless you are sure not to be found out, and, above all things, keep your own secrets.

* * * * *

In after-times a certain Richard Mabon, Dean of the island, added to the celebrity of this Tower by working miracles in the caves and cellars underneath ; these he gave out were under the especial patronage of the Virgin Mary. By such means he raised considerable sums of money, but at length the people either became weary of paying, or began to see through his tricks ; so finding the performances no longer draw, the excellent Dean reluctantly shut up for the season.

There is close to the Prince's Tower a good house of entertainment ; and at nearly every place to which visitors are likely to wander there is an establishment to provide for their wants,—in my opinion a very great advantage, it saving the trouble of provisioning for the road ; and it is wonderful to contrast the delight with which we regard a scene when our appetite is satisfied, and the nonchalance with which we glance at it when hungry.

* Some say he unconsciously confessed in sleep.

ORGUEIL CASTLE.

CHAPTER V.

MOUNT ORGUEIL.

THERE are several routes by which the celebrated Orgueil Castle may be approached; perhaps the most interesting of these is the one by the sea-shore, passing Pontac. Its principal charm consists not in its natural beauty, although that has high claim to our attention, but in the fragments of legends attached to some of the spots by which it passes.

One of the places thus enriched with legendary interest is nearly opposite to La Motte, and called the Witches' Rock. This rock is a huge mass which rears its naked head above the surrounding herbage. Here let us sit and listen to the old tradition of—

The Witches' Rock.

On the promontory of La Rocque stood a little village inhabited principally by fishermen, and presided over with patriarchal simplicity by their old pastor. Of the village maidens none were more lovely than the fair-haired Madeleine; from her deep blue eyes shone forth the purity of her soul. Young, graceful, and fair, is it to be wondered that she held the heart of Hubert, the most daring of the island fishermen, in silken bondage? But, unfortunately, Hubert was not contented with the ordinary lot of mortals; he was for ever endeavouring to pry into the mysterious secrets of another world; his mind had been early filled with tales of glamour and of witchcraft, and as he grew into manhood he became wholly absorbed in the mysterious. Midnight walks and visits to the many spots supposed to be under the especial influence of supernatural beings now occupied his time; and it was on one of these night excursions that, overcome with fatigue, he sat down on the celebrated Rocbert (or Witches' Rock): slumber closed his eyelids. . . . . On awaking from a heavy sleep, he looked wildly around, for, instead of only the dark and sombre pile

of rock, with the heavens above lit up by a few pale stars, light shone intensely bright; visions of glory flitted around, lovely shapes with flowing hair smiled on him; one in particular, pre-eminent in beauty and seducing beyond all description, so ravished his senses, that in an instant Madeleine was forgotten, and stretching out his arms to her, Hubert implored her love. Smiling upon him, she assured him that her passion for him was equally great, and that if he would seek her there on the approaching Hallow-even she would be his. This said, the pageant vanished, and the bewildered man returned to his abode, wondering whether all were not a dream.

Strange tales of his adventure soon crept through the village, and having reached the ears of Madeleine she sought for Hubert, and besought him not to keep the fearful tryst. The infatuated man would listen to no remonstrances, and, tearing himself from her tearful embrace, swore with a fearful oath no power should prevent his going. . . . . Sorrowfully the maiden retired to offer up her prayers for him. . . . . The night arrived. . . . . Poor Madeleine, distracted, seeks the Priest, and, relating all her woes, begs for his aid: "Hast thou faith, my child," inquires the holy man, "and courage to go alone to rescue him?" "God will give me courage; I have faith," replied the weeping girl. "Go then, my child, and take this cross with thee, perchance thou mayst yet save him." . . . . .

Through the howling storm, through the dark night and the pitiless blast, went Madeleine, the raging elements all unheeded in her intense, overpowering love. . . . She gains

the Rocbert, over which rises a fitful glare. . . . . She ascends the Rock, and sees her loved one surrounded by forms, not now lovely and ravishing to view, as when Hubert first saw them, but exposed in their natural hideousness, —old and withered hags, with devilish claws and eyes of burning fire, who whirl around in maddening dance, he in the midst. . . . . But little of their rites did the undaunted Madeleine behold, for on her approach bearing the sacred emblem, with fearful yells the witches fled, leaving Hubert stretched upon the ground, saved from the Devil's power by Faith and Love.

And never since have the demoniac forms been permitted to revisit a place now hallowed by the memory of Purity, and Faith, and Love.

* * * * *

Our onward course now leads us, past Pontac and its martello tower, to the promontory so well named La Rocque, for at low water far as the eye can reach is seen nothing but rugged masses of dark rock. It is a beautiful sight to see the waves come dashing over them when agitated by a rising storm; the air is filled with the spray, and the broken masses of foam are wildly tossed upon the jagged peaks; while the distant Echo tower seems trembling to its base. Just inland here is seen a mighty rock, and, wondering how so vast a crag came there, you will be told the Devil brought it from the sea, and a Priest prevented its return. The story runs as follows, its hero's name—

St. Magloire.

The island of Augia* was agitated from end to end by the incessant contentions which took place between the Druids, who had long held a spiritual sway over the islanders; and a certain Saint, named Magloire, who had arrived for the purpose of propagating a new religion, and intended, as he facetiously remarked, to cleanse that Augean stable of its Pagan filth. Some of the people sided with the new-comer, but the more numerous party remained firm in their old belief in the Druid Priests, considering them to be as upright as the peculiar stones which formed their temple walls.

This diversity of opinion produced the most awful consequences; the land was left uncultivated, the fisheries were neglected, and no one thought of doing anything but quarrel.

At last hunger put in its not-to-be-neglected voice, and finding starvation staring them in the face, the good people of Augia agreed that the dissensions must be put an end to; and they agreed that the party which could work the greatest miracle should have the undivided direction of spiritual affairs.

The appointed day came: all assembled; the Druids in great force; St. Magloire alone, but armed with the holy Book.

The former commenced proceedings; and having deter-

* The ancient name for Jersey.

mined on showing the multitude a great feat of physical force, ordered the Devil to drag up one of the rocks, which then as now abounded on the coast: the obedient Fiend did so, quite ready to assist his friends; the rock having been placed in the midst of the assembly, all shouted at the wonderful *tour de force*, and praised the Druids' power.

That venerable body then commanded the Devil to take back the rock again, as it encumbered the ground; this he was proceeding to do, when the Saint calmly advanced and laid his Book upon it, defying all now to remove it. . . . . The Devil and the Druids tugged and tugged, but the rock was fixed immoveably; . . . . thus showing the superiority of moral over physical force.

St. Magloire mounted to the summit of the rock, and there planting the cross the Fiend fled howling, and the people owned his power.

Under his beneficent sway the horrors of Druidism were soon forgotten, and the fields and fisheries became tenfold more productive.

And the rock remains unto this day in testimony of the truth of this veracious tale.

* * * * *

From the La Rocque point a distant view of Mount Orgueil is gained, with Gorey lying at its feet; and sometimes a fleet of fishing-boats is seen at anchor in the deep blue water of its pretty bay; sometimes by the receding tide the boats are left high upon the strand; again the boats will all be gone to sea, and nothing but a few white specks be

visible upon the far horizon; the principal employment of these boats is the prolific oyster-fishery.

Passing some open common land, the place is reached where the annual races take place; the course is not very large or even, but there is space enough, and ample room for the great body of spectators, who on these yearly festivals flock from far and near, to pass a holiday on this green plain.

Leave the race-course on your right, and with Orgueil Castle full within your view follow the road, which leads past a picturesquely situated church, into the Port of Gorey.

Upon arriving, especially if you have walked, may better luck befall you than happened to the author and a friend, who on arriving thus felt hungry, and seeing three tidy-looking inns, deliberated to which house of entertainment they should take their custom, trying to discover by outside appearance which was the best; but, alas for the hopes of mortals! although fair was the view outside, it was but the repetition of the world's experience, that pretentious show too often covers worthlessness, and the hungry pedestrians were fain to content themselves with most indigestible and scanty fare.*

After refreshing the inner man, you will of course proceed up to the Castle: two minutes' walk will bring you there; and entering at the massive gate, you will go on until you reach an inner one, where you will inscribe your name within the porter's book. No fee or gratuity of any kind is

* These inns are, however, clean; and although not to be depended on for dinner, do well enough for lunch, especially in the oyster season.

given, but you may purchase books of sea-weed, and other little things made by the hands of charity, and sold for the support of schools.

Up through the gardens of the grim old fortress leads the way, and the mind becomes impressed with its great size and ancient strength. Fast thronging, too, come thoughts of other days: how the great Constable Du Guesclin, with ten thousand men, sat down before "the proud Mount Castle," which maintained itself against him, and the first warrior of the age retreated; how, at another time, the Count de Mauleverier had seized the Castle by surprise or treachery, but the English Admiral Harliston, in conjunction with De Carteret, wrenched it again from the adventurer's grasp; and how, finally, the Castle fell before the Parliamentary General, Haines. But at that time its strength was much reduced by the removal of the seat of government, which formerly had been here, to the more modern castle of Elizabeth.

Having ascended to the summit of the Keep, the sea appears to be almost surrounding; and on a clear day good eyesights can perceive, not only the adjacent coast of France, but even houses, and some say trees and people.

It was in a chamber near this spot that the unfortunate Bandinels were incarcerated by De Carteret. The father, David, was the first Protestant Dean of Jersey; he was a foreigner of good family, and in the troubled days of the Commonwealth had persecuted the elder De Carteret piteously, because he had in former days endeavoured to deprive the Dean of his just endowments. The political storm,

however, clearing, De Carteret's son gained power, and soon the Dean and his son James were, by his orders, seized and cast into prison; here they were confined, until, wearied by long imprisonment, they endeavoured to escape. By boring holes through a door which separated their room from another one, they broke out a plank, and made their way to the outer walls, through a window of which (still pointed out) they pushed themselves, and, by a cord of cloths and handkerchiefs, lowered themselves into the night.

The younger first went down, and from the end of the frail cordage dropped among the rocks; much shattered by the fall, he was still able to get up and betake himself to a place of refuge. But the poor father's fate was more unfortunate; for with him the rope broke, and he never spoke again.

James hid for a few days, but the relentless De Carteret found out his hiding-place, and brought him back again and placed him in a dungeon, where, bruised alike in mind and body, he died insane.

The Puritan Prynne was also incarcerated in Orgueil for several years; he made friends with the Governor, the old De Carteret, and after his release, in 1640, rendered much service to his quondam gaoler.

The Castle is most interesting; whether we regard it as a memento of past history, as a fortress of great strength and the former seat of government, or simply as an object picturesque and beautiful, from whichever side it may be approached.

Before we leave the precincts, we must not omit to

mention a clever *ruse* which Mauleverier attempted, by which to send intelligence of his situation, when closely besieged by sea and land by Admiral Harliston and De Carteret.

He caused two boats to be begun simultaneously, one in sight of the enemy, the other hid; and the workmen on the respective boats were directed to strike their blows together, so that but one sound should reach the ears of the besiegers. The boats progressed, and doubtless the stratagem of starting off both boats at the same time,—the one to run the gauntlet of the fleet, while the hidden one was sent secretly away,—would have succeeded; but a Jerseyman within the castle shot an arrow with a letter attached to it, explaining the wily Frenchman's plan, into the camp, and so, of course, it failed.

DRUID STONES.

On leaving the outer gate of the Castle proceed up a

steep hill, over which the road bends; follow this road for a quarter of a mile, and in a field to the right you will find, still erect, some Druid Stones. Many remnants of the temples of this ancient religion have been found in Jersey, these are the best extant.

A pleasant walk from here will lead past "La Hogue Bie" into the town; perhaps four miles.

CHAPTER VI.

WALK ROUND ST. CATHERINE'S TO ROZEL.

O, as you like best, to Gorey; but when you have there arrived be guided by my counsel, and you shall have a walk, such as perhaps you never had before.

Few people coming to the island see this part, there being no carriage road; and generally our modern tourists (infected, I suppose, by railways) seem only to arrive, glance at, and depart; and after driving round, *doing* the sights of any place, away they go again and tell their friends of the numerous objects they have seen; little thinking that they, in general, leave behind unseen the things that are most worthy of inspection.

Now for our walk. Glancing, as we pass, at our old friend Orgueil, with Gorey and its pier and port below, we reach a little road that runs along the eastern cliff, and leads us northwards; onward we pass, with the sea intensely blue upon our right, and over it, appearing near at hand, is the

French coast; the Cathedral of Coutance is sometimes visible from here. Our road now rounds a corner, and Anne Port is at our feet; a graceful curve it is, with broken rocks and rich foliage surrounding its shingly beach. After its few houses have been left behind, the road gets steeper, and soon is narrowed into a mere foot-track; the larger portion of it separates, and turning inland ascends the hill: but we keep on, with half the cliff above us and half below.

The rocky track soon rounds another corner, and opening suddenly to view is the double Bay of Saint Catherine, broken into two parts by a tongue of land, on which is placed the tower of Archirondel.

But the chief beauty of this Bay is the part where we now are. Between us and the sea stands high a giant rock, the ever-posted sentinel of this craggy pass; and round are placed subordinates, all springing from elastic turf, which, with its prickly gorse and ferns, covers the hill-side.

The rocky sentinel is named Saut Jeffroi, and the guide-books tell us that in former days it was the place of execution; for from this rock were hurled the criminals that law or justice had condemned to death.

Standing upon this rock, we look around and see a happy combination of natural charms; a clear blue sky, a clear blue sea, grey rocks gold-tinted with over-creeping lichens, cliffs covered with greensward, and tangled briers on which the ripe and luscious blackberries cling; here, reared against the sky, are leafy clumps of picturesquely stemmed trees; and there, beneath, is Saint Catherine's Bay, with smooth shiny pebbles glistening through the transparent waves. Beyond,

stretching out its strong protecting arm, there is a Pier of massive stone, which gives shelter to the ships that here may harbour.

But our walk is still before us, so forward on our way. The path descends and leads down to the beach, from which (the walking being unpleasant) we soon strike off into an orchard, and stop for a moment admiring the deep red colour of the clustering apples; then, passing lightly on, our bodies and our minds alike invigorated by the refreshing scene, we cross some fields and come upon a road made as an approach to the new Pier; we enter it just where it reaches to the coast, after its passage through a lovely valley that opens inland, full of rich foliage and sunny glades.

On, up a steep, and through a pass scarped in the solid rock, and thus we gain the summit of the Verclut point. Immediately beneath us is the before-mentioned Pier, which has been lately built by Government, and forms part of works, not yet completed, which will make a safe roadstead for ships of war.*

Beyond the Pier are many sail of fishing-boats, and sharp white points of rocks dot all the middle distance; while further still the bare-looking coast of France seems separated from us by only a few miles of rock, just covered by the waves.

Turning inland we keep along shady paths, and find to our surprise a cluster of good houses, forming a community apart at this outlying point.

* There is, however, a report in circulation, that the water is not of sufficient depth to float large vessels.

The shady lanes again give us their shelter, till at last they guide us to the north-eastern promontory of the island, called La Coupe. "To the left hand, Monsieur, et vous trouverez les ruines that the Druides make," a countryman informs us. And on a cliff called La Couperon, a few yards off, we find some stones that were, according to our friend, made ruins by the Druids; but the stones are few and of small size, no longer keeping their appointed places. For Goths exist, and works of art and interest destroy, much as they did in days long since gone by.

If, however, we are not rewarded by much that has been made by beings like ourselves, and therefore of necessity decays, we are repaid tenfold by the profusion of the natural beauties around.

The sea comes on upon this northern shore with a solemn sound; no longer rippling up, but throwing the long waves each after each against the barriers of high cliff, and slowly but surely wins its way through them, mining into caves.

The cliffs are high and precipitous; wild, open common on the top, occasionally cultivated in small patches. And before us (we have now turned westward) is a Chine, as it would be called in the Isle of Wight.

But there is no Chine in the Isle of Wight that can compete with this, in beauty or in size; and we are not asked for sixpence to be guided through a place whose natural beauty has been spoilt by its possessor, but we are left *free* to roam and climb in this wild, peaceful chasm.

High trees, through whose openings the sky is visible, close in the upper end. The wide and sloping hollow con-

tains a little stream, and tangled masses of shrubs, and blocks of pure grey stone, and mounds of rocky earth; and here reigns Solitude, and Beauty is complete.

We must not linger here for ever, but scramble on again, and soon we get a view of Rozel, nestling with its pretty bay beneath its fort; some half-dozen boats are lying there at anchor, the very picture of repose.

Here ends our walk; for the carriage-road is gained again, and your vehicle can meet you. Whoever you may be, I feel assured I shall have your thanks for this most charming walk.

The carriage road smoothly curves down along the cliffs, until it comes almost upon a level with the sea, then it circles round the little harbour. At the extremity there is an inn of small pretension, but useful, as you can leave your carriage there, (if you have come fresh from town,) and wander up to the downs above the fort.

Rozel, like the other little coves upon the north side of the island, is merely a fishing-harbour, with a small pier to protect the boats. The fort and barracks are usually unoccupied, and indeed seem wholly misplaced in such a peaceful scene as that upon which we gaze from the downs above; the measured roll of the long waves without the pier, and the clear rippling water within, in which the boats at anchor slowly rock to and fro, alike speak to the mind of peace.

The inhabitants of this portion of Jersey, and indeed of the island generally, seldom or never subsist by fishing only, but also labour on their little plots of land. They seem a

happy and contented race, and work hard to gain from sea and land their daily bread.

Over this north-eastern portion of the island the walks and rides are very numerous, and will repay a thorough exploration; which should last for many days, not all be jumbled into one. To those that travel for relaxation of the mind, these walks and scrambles will be just what they seek, and enable them on their return into the great world, with energy renewed, again to grapple with the stern duties of this life.

ST. BRELADE.

CHAPTER VII.

SAINT AUBIN'S AND SAINT BRELADE'S BAYS.

PROBABLY one of the first drives taken on arriving at St. Helier's will be to the town of St. Aubin, round the Bay of the same name.

A good (I had nearly said turnpike, but there are none in the island) road joins the two towns, which face each other, the Elizabeth Castle lying between. All along the road are scattered villas, and rows of houses, looking to the sea. St. Aubin's Bay is certainly the finest in Jersey; it is indented very deeply in the land, so that at low water a third of the distance may be saved by the pedestrian walking on the sands: which latter, although not equal to the sands in St. Clement's Bay, already mentioned, or those of St. Brelade, yet are as good as generally are found at the sea-side.

From the St. Aubin's road branch out the routes to Bonne Nuit, Grêve de Lecq, Grosnez, and other places, to be hereafter mentioned.

Inland, from the sea, the ground slopes up, now broken into valleys, now rising to the height of good steep hills; and from the hills and through the valleys run small streams, and throw themselves into the bay.

As we draw nearer to St. Aubin's, the hills become precipitous, and rise with more abruptness from the sea; until at last, beyond the town, they form a battlement of wood-crowned rock. The town is seated picturesquely, house rising above house; and interspersed are trees, and pieces of sharp rock stand out from the dark foliage. Below, in clear blue water, lies a fort, whose duty is to guard the harbour and the shipping of the town.

In former times, St. Aubin's was the capital of Jersey; but its day of greatness now has passed away, and it has sunk back into the quiet of repose. It still, however, boasts

its shops, its market-place, and piers; and many people still reside here, preferring its seclusion to the bustle of St. Helier's.

Two * roads lead onward to Brelade, both beautiful; by one we'll go, and by the other we'll return. Continuing along the sea-side we proceed, until, having passed the little harbour, the road bends inland. Then we ascend by many a wind up to the summit of the hill; thence looking back, we see the town and villages we've passed, and the glad hills and vales smile to the sky, which, smiling back, reflected lies in the bright waters.

Onward along the hill-top. Deep clefts with masses of ever-varying trees break from the high ground, and with graceful curves slope downwards to the beach; which here, no longer sand, is rough and dangerous, with sharp pointed rocks.

The country here is wild, but still not barren; for busy carts are seen, and labourers gathering the golden sheaves; or else the curious island plough on its quaint wheels is in a neighbouring field, being guided onwards by the gay-singing ploughman. But as we draw nearer to the Noirmont point the land becomes barer, till at last an uncultivated common takes the place of tillage. Then Nature comes again with all her beauty, shedding a glory of bright hues upon the landscape; beautiful heathers and yellow shining gorse climb over every steep, and mingling their gorgeous colours

* There is also a third path as far as Noirmont point; it runs just above the sea, and is perhaps the most beautiful of all; it is in the grounds of Noirmont house, but (I believe) there is no objection to pedestrians going on it.

with the sombre rock, produce a scene that cannot be surpassed.

At the end of this Noirmont promontory there is a little cove, called Portelet; in the centre, on a massive crag, is one of the martello towers: the shore is very high, and the spot has a lonely, desolate appearance, though very beautiful. The island guide-books say, that here was formerly the quarantine ground; and here, on one occasion, a merchant-ship arrived with that dread visitor, the plague, on board; the seamen first fell victims, one by one; at last, the captain's death finished the tragedy.

Over the rocky heights and down a path, which leads you through a village of poor houses, and then you find yourself in the *most exquisite*, enchanting Bay of St. Brelade; hemmed in on all sides by high rocky hills, and on the east and west by towering precipices, that rear their broken summits up, with sharply traced outlines, to the sky. And at your feet is spread a carpet of soft sand, soft and yet firm, washed free from all impurity by the ever-flowing tide, whose reflux leaves this glittering expanse smooth—as itself; for other simile there's none that can express it. The world may all be searched from pole to pole, and nowhere can there be a spot more fair.

Two blocks of reddish rock are seen, dividing the sands into unequal parts; the larger half is that towards the west, and on that side is situated the Church; and such a situation!—The little waves lap up, and murmur to the walls of where, enclosed in earth, the bodies of those passed away are now at rest; there sleep they,—and there have slept

for near 1000 years the bones of some. How long a time for man to contemplate, but oh! how short a span of that o'erwhelming space, eternity!

Yes, here they lie; those loved and loving in their day, lie side by side with the oppressors and oppressed. The voices of the waters seem, sometimes, to whisper sweet hope and holy joy unto the spirits of the good; sometimes, in anger raised, the elemental strife seems shadowing unto the spirits of ill-doers the punishment which follows on committed crime,—the troubled conscience in the living world, and in the world to come, eternal woe.

The Church itself is interesting, though not architecturally beautiful; it dates from the year 1111, when it superseded the more ancient chapel, which stands also in the churchyard. Within the latter there are still some traces of the fresco-paintings that formerly adorned the interior of the arched roof; the building has, however, been much ill-used, and the paintings suffered to decay: this seems a pity, as, from its age and peculiarity of form, it is a place of considerable interest.

Leaving the churchyard by the upper gate, a hill rises abruptly in our immediate front; by climbing it, and scrambling to the top of a bare piece of rock which castellates the summit, a good view of the old church, the village, and the bay, is gained; trees fringe the edge of the churchyard that approaches to the sea, and there a brook runs in rippling over sand and pebble. While sitting here, we will relate the popular tradition of the reason why the church was built where it now stands.

*The Legend of the Church.**

Looking across the bay towards the eastern side, you see a pleasant grassy slope; this was the site intended for the new church, when towards the conclusion of the eleventh century it was about to be commenced.

Unfortunately, however, this spot was "an especial resort," and the Jersey fairies viewed with indignation the attempt to disturb what they considered as an heir-loom; for they had held it from time immemorial without the least interruption.

Now, unfortunately, the ground was not consecrated when the intended erection was commenced, therefore there was no impediment to any design "the little people" might have of obstructing the progress of the works. The workmen began early in the morning to dig the trenches, and had made considerable progress by the close of evening; the overseer was well satisfied with the labours of the day, and went to bed.

The next morning, on his return, to his astonishment he found the trenches refilled, the tools carried away, and the ground precisely as it had been before they commenced operations the day before.

Filled with wonder, he stared about him quite disconcerted; until the labourers coming up, they all began searching for the tools that had been carried off. At length

* This is taken from the version of the old chronicle, given in the Handbook published by Falle.

these were found thrown together in a heap, upon the spot where the church now stands.

Determined not to be foiled a second time, M. Grondin, the overseer, put on an extra number of hands, and as the trenches were re-dug, he caused the masons to lay in the foundation of the walls. Anticipating that all would now be right, they closed the second day's proceedings.

Very early the next morning Grondin and his labourers were again upon the spot, when lo! not a single stone was to be seen, the tools were carried away as before, and the ground again levelled.

This was certainly a most wonderful and unaccountable transaction, mystifying completely the minds of the people. They were not, however, this time long in finding their tools, for they were placed in the same spot as before, with the stones that had been laid in for the foundations.

Undeterred by his previous failures Grondin recommenced; but resolved this time to watch during the night, and discover who were the perpetrators of the sacrilege; so when the night set in, he armed himself with a well-filled flask, and proceeded to the place.

The moon arose with great splendour, though the breeze from the sea came rather piercing and chill. He seated himself on a moss-covered rock, and there being nothing to disturb him, sank into a reverie, from which he occasionally aroused himself to sip the contents of his flask. . . . Thus the night slowly crept on, his flask becoming lighter and more light, until, just as he was finishing the last drop, a voice close to his ear arrested the intended draught. "M.

Grondin ! M. Grondin !" said the voice. Wondering to hear himself addressed without having seen any one approach, and flattering himself he had kept a tolerably sharp look-out, the overseer turned round to see whence the sound came, when he beheld a little old man in a fantastic dress seated on one of the stones forming the foundation.

"M. Grondin," said the little gentleman, "it is very cold and chilly, can you spare me a little drop ?"

The overseer, being filled with the milk of human kindness, or something else, politely handed him the bottle, from which he took a hearty draught, that seemed to bring the tears into his eyes ; then, smacking his lips with an apparent gusto, he said, in a squeaking voice :

"Why do you bring all your men with their tools (taking one in his hand) and disturb the ground over which our family have held possession long before you had any recollection of anything ? It is a pretty sort of proceeding to turn me out of what has for ages been in my possession."

At this, M. Grondin felt a qualm of fear come over him, and he shivered. However, mustering courage, he had the boldness to ask him if he was the wandering Jew ; who, he had heard, had walked the earth for many centuries.

The little old man's face grew almost black with rage ; seizing the flask, in his anger he hurled it with all his might against the nasal organ of the overseer, who was knocked down and stunned by the blow.

In the morning, when the labourers came to work, they found M. Grondin lying insensible on the ground with the

broken bottle by his side; the tools and masonry removed to the same place as before.

On M. Grondin's recovery, he related the occurrence, vowing he would never set his foot on the spot again; and, in corroboration of his assertions, showed his broken nose and dented flask.

Though some of the neighbours were uncharitable enough to lay the state of the nose to the effects of the contents, rather than to the bottle itself; yet others conceiving there must be some other reason for the tools and stones being carried away than merely M. Grondin's having slept at his post, it was determined that the church should be built where "the invisible powers" had placed the materials now on three occasions.

* * * * *

Being now rested, and amused by the pleasant relation of the mishaps of M. Grondin, we will descend from our elevated seat; and going downwards through the heather on the far side of the hill, pursue our way. The beautiful green lizards, disturbed by our footsteps, seek a closer refuge, and glance swiftly through the sunshine.

At the extremity of the Bay there is a Fort, and scrambling over the rocks and shrubs above, we gain the extremity of our this day's walk; for a little further on we should come to the signal-post, and the scenery there is described in the tenth chapter. So when we have satiated our eyes with the beauty of the views, we will descend and return, by the water's edge, to St. Brelade's.

At the corner, below the seat on which we sat to hear about M. Grondin, are some remarkable fissures in the rock well worthy of examination; the sea washes into them with a rolling sound like thunder, and, after a long interval, is ejected a seething mass of creaming foam.

Having repassed the church, a road to the left takes our reluctant footsteps from the Bay. That Bay, so lovely and entrancing, is pictured sweetly in our minds for ever; and so adieu to the fair Bay of St. Brelade.

The beautiful, however, does not forsake our path, for the cleft, through which the road now upward winds, is one of fragrant wildness. Sweet-smelling flowers are there, and heathy turf and trees of graceful form, and water trickles down; and all the air is filled with the gay songs of birds. Oh! Brelade, of thee and thy neighbourhood we indeed say with the Poet, "There can be no farewell to scene like thine." Those that have taken our this day's ramble will never in their lives forget the experienced pleasure.

Having emerged from the cleft above described, we take the road to the right, which runs along the height; as we pass along it the bank now hides, and now reveals, the distance of blue water. Two roads descend from ours into the Bay where we so lately loitered; but we must turn our steps from thence, and hasten onwards to where the road, turning to the left, winds steeply down towards St. Aubin's town.

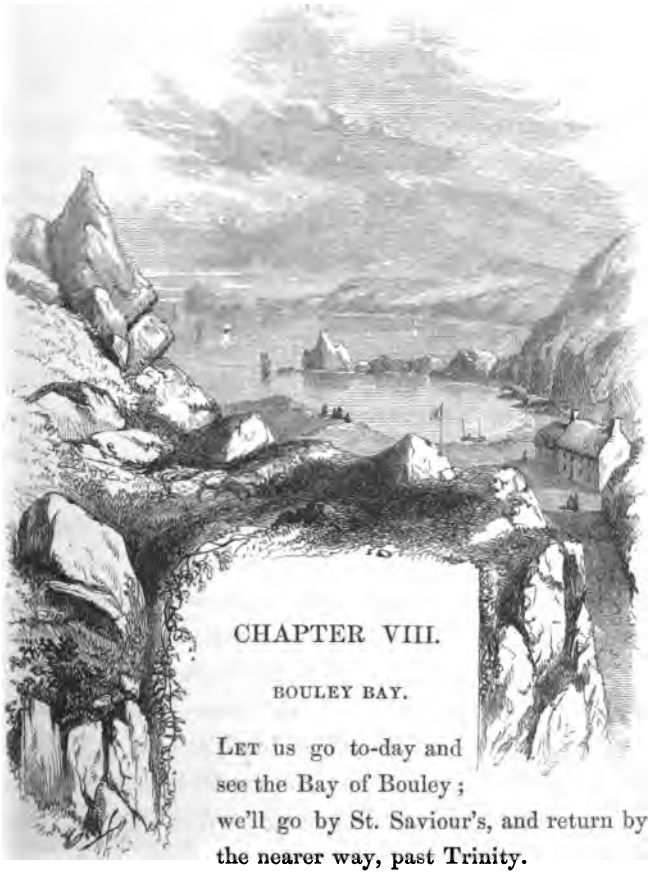
We will recall this scene as once we saw it, on returning homewards at a later hour than usual. As down we came along this hilly road the sun was lost to view, but the warm

light was flooding all with glory; the purple, and the violet, and the yellow, and the gold, were blended into one rich tone of most surpassing beauty. While we lingered, watching the changing hues, the moon arose, and soon her silvery light replaced the departed sun; the long black shadows then were cast into the vale, and marching onward came the banners of the night.

Emerging from the valley, we come out in the still town of St. Aubin's. The street, unlit by aught except the moon, was chequered by grim shadows cast from trees, and rocks, and gable ends: the tide, now turned, had left the Piers dry, and the small fort was now no longer bathed in ocean.

Over the glistening sands we homewards went; and ere we pressed our couch, we thanked our God that He had made the world so fair.

ST. AUBIN'S FORT.



CHAPTER VIII.

BOULEY BAY.

LET us go to-day and see the Bay of Bouley; we'll go by St. Saviour's, and return by the nearer way, past Trinity.

Leaving the town by the St. Saviour's road, the first place worthy of remark is the Government house, on the

left-hand side, easily known by the sentry at the gate. Both sides of the road are adorned by country-seats, of more or less pretension and beauty; the country, too, is richly wooded, and on all sides are the little paths and lanes peculiar to Jersey, with the sun glimmering through the arched foliage.

We constantly ascend, until we reach, on our left, the church of St. Saviour, with its snug parsonage (the present Rector is the Dean of the island) beneath it; the church is surrounded by fine trees, and there are many interesting monuments in the churchyard. A cemetery attached, also already contains a few prettily laid out graves; and the ground itself is well chosen, it bids fair to rival some of the Continental burial-grounds; and this is no small praise, as nearly all other nations excel us in this particular: however, English eyes at last are turned to our defects on this score, and we'll hope soon to have the satisfaction of seeing our last homes beautified, and made places where the living can commune with the dead without their senses being outraged. There can surely be nothing more calculated to improve our hearts than a beautiful cemetery.

On coming to the junction of the roads, we keep straight on. And here I may remark that there is, to the best of my belief, not one guide-post in the island: it is perfectly shameful that the people, who profit by the visits of strangers to the island, do not pay a little more attention to their comfort.

On getting near St. Martin's, we turn to the left; but for the future the map will guide us, as there is just pub-

lished a very good one.* There is nothing very striking on this road, though it is always pleasant; in general shaded by overhanging trees, until suddenly the ground descends before us, and opening out, on either hand the hills fall back, revealing to our delighted gaze the magnificence of Bouley Bay. It is not the Bay itself that merits the title of magnificent, but the approach to it; it is a Chine on a right royal scale, the very king of Chines: it is a great expanse, whose sides are hills, and smaller hills within, and in the midst a huge great hill, covered with heather and beetling crags, beyond a far glimpse of ocean.

The road is well constructed, and goes down in zigzags, down, and down, and down; but we halt often, and turn in all directions to see the different clefts that break into the larger Chine, but all are large, there is nothing but grandeur here. It is delightful, the little streams are trickling melody, and the air, sweetened by wild flowers, is giving health and whispering happiness.

We can but say, Come, see! And you will own that all that can be written will fall short of, and do injustice to, the scene. You well might ramble here the live-long summer's day, making a table of the rock, a cooler of the stream, and a sweet couch of the abounding heather.

An inn welcomes you at the bottom of the Bay, and entertainment of all sorts may be had, including civility. When we were there, the landlord had a dog aged twenty-five, a little wizened animal he was, quite without teeth,

* By Chadwick le Lievre, in Halkett Place.

and looking like an old man in the face well wrinkled by the lapse of years.

The beach is shingle, and the coast rocky; but the little Bay itself is smooth and pleasant. The water, too, is fresher for a bath than on the south side of the island, but it is rather dangerous for those that are not good swimmers. There is a pier and a few boats; and up above, a battery.

It was in this Bay that the French landed, when, in 1549, Strozzi, with a numerous fleet, attempted the reduction of the island; but they soon found out that Jerseymen possessed strong arms and loyal hearts: they were at once attacked, and driven to their ships, with loss of many men.

There is a curiously-shaped rock on the eastern side of the Bay; and far as the sight can reach is a succession of rocky promontories. Under the cliffs that hem in the Bay is a strip of grass, between the beach and rocks; being generally in shade, it is a good place for picnicing.

So here let us produce our stores, our salad and our fowls, and place our long-necked bottles in a bucket of cold water brought from the inn, where we have also got our bread, as that, of course, was left at home to keep company with the salt. While the ladies lay out temptingly these things, let us go on beyond the curious rock where the sea creams with freshness. Far down through the deep wave we catch the glitter of the bright round stones, and plunging in, the water seethes around us; seaward we swim, and float upon our backs, and shout, and dive, and splash the waters high, which glisten in the air and then descend in spray. A whole year's toil seems washed away, and as we

don our habiliments upon the rocks, our minds and bodies feel alike elastic.

We now rejoin the remainder of our party, and feast with that appetite fresh air alone can give. And then the long-necked ones are uncorked, healths of those absent are proposed and drunk; and then a song, and then a tale or legend improvised, and thus until the sun going to the west looks over our sheltering rock, and warns us that pleasure cannot last for ever; and so our reluctant footsteps turn backwards to the inn. But although the day itself is past away, the sunny memory of days thus spent endures a lifetime.

Homeward, up the steep hill; and we pass by Trinity, the Lord of which Manor is supposed to furnish two drakes for the Sovereign's table whenever she may wish to dine in Jersey.

There are several curious methods of tenure in the island: two of the lords are bound to ride into the sea up to their horses' girths, to meet the Sovereign on her, or his arrival. But the most curious of the old customs, now extinct, was attached to the manor of Samarez; the Rector of the parish was bound to carry the lady of the manor behind him on horseback, on a white horse, from the house to the church, the first time of her going there after her accouchement, and to take her back again in the same manner. The lord was to provide the horse, which the Rector was to keep for his trouble.

CHAPTER IX.

BONNE NUIT.

WISHING to explore Bonne Nuit and the adjacent coast, we will tell our driver to leave the town by the suburb of Rouge Bouillon; by a long continued ascent, we reach to where the road, turning to the left, winds round to the Church and village of St. John's. Here there are two hotels, where every accommodation may be had; and here we had better leave our vehicle for the more pleasurable exercise of walking,

added to which, the best points of view are seldom to be obtained by sitting in a carriage.*

We will suppose, then, that we are placed at St. John's, fresh for our walk. So down the green arched lanes for half a mile to the stone quarries, which are worthy of inspection; from them much fine stone is excavated for the town. After examining these interesting works, we turn seaward until the road, beginning to descend, warns us that we are near Bonne Nuit.

The country as it approaches the sea-side becomes barren, as if preparing us for the rugged coast that now comes into view. As far as we can see, the high hills slope grandly down, till suddenly, as they approach the water, the descent becomes precipitous, and the broken surface of the precipices but rarely admits of paths down to the rock-strewn beach.

There are a few boats hauled up, but the aspect of this part of the coast seems to forbid much adventuring on the rough waters.

Looking at this scene in any weather one cannot but imagine that the proper pictorial effect here would be storm; and storm is, indeed, its proper aspect: in such weather it is a glorious sight to see the broken lines of foam dashing over the beach on to the rocks; up the latter the waves fling themselves in perpendicular columns, and fall back, their force expended, reminding one of gallant soldiers assaulting an impregnable fortress, while the roar of the impatient

* Pony carriages can, however, go nearly everywhere in Jersey, as the narrow country-roads intersect every few acres.

surge, the howling of the winds, and clouds of high-tossed spray, carry out the simile of a battle-field.

Presiding over the cliffs is a small Barrack for Infantry of the line; and hard by, a Battery to defend the coast. But we will turn from the rock-bound coast, and warlike Battery and Barrack, to brighter scenes of gentler beauty.

This part of the island is watered by many rivulets, which run, some into deep ravines and hasten impetuously to the sea; while others, more bountiful, glide gently along, fertilising, as they go, this favoured isle.

Having so recently explored the rocky bays and heathy hills, the precipices, and the sterility of the coast that guards the island at Bonne Nuit; shall we not reflect with gratitude on the bountiful Providence that has caused so unpromising a sterility to give place to such abundance, as meets our view on coming to the summit of the barren hills above the bay? Inland, all teems with vegetation; the fields are like a garden spread below us; the orchards are ruddy with their fruit; the curling wreaths of smoke from out the deep green trees tell us of peace and homely comfort; and the fertilising streams which swell from out the living rock, are they not emblems of the living, active care, with which the Deity provides for all His creatures?

Can there be anything so beautiful as a clear running stream, as it comes freshly leaping forth from the dark rock; how it seems to dance with joy as it springs down the hill-side, as though glad to go forth into the happy sunshine from the rocks' dark cistern? Then, donning its green mantle as its course brings it to more level ground, the

reflection seems to come gradually, as it comes to the heart of youth, that life is not to be passed in careless joy; that duties must be done; that it must not exist solely for its own ends: and so the lately dancing, bounding stream turns from its own fair bed, and, unreluctant, is led by many a devious course to vivify the land. But ever as it goes it catches the smile of heaven, and, reflecting the sweet smile on its own clear bosom, in peaceful duties passes its happy life; until at length, its course complete, it flows into the bosom of the ocean.

We cannot but admire the old religions, which placed fair nymphs as guardians in the running streams; which made a well a place of sanctity; which made water an emblem of the Creator; and which made the defiling of a clear stream a crime, and punishable by the law. Is it not even now a delight to lie by a bubbling stream, and, as the murmur of the water and the insect hum fall upon the ears, indulge in day-dreams of those sweet creatures of the poet's fancy, fairies: is there not a kindly feeling enkindled in our breasts when we call to our remembrance the sweet tales of these gentle beings that beguiled our ears in youth? And as we lie, with our senses drinking in the sweet sounds and odours that come through the woods and from the streams, do we not wish sometimes there were indeed such things as fairies to be at our sides invisible, to whisper hope and peace to us when we are bowed down by care and trouble? Were the fairies not bright embodiments of true religion, which whispers peace and consolation to the whole race of man?

But the tales of these sweet beings pass from among us; and the practical race, that fills the valleys with tall chimneys and dulls the bright waters with unnatural hues, while the very air itself is poisoned by the noxious vapour, and the rivers are choked up, are not the race to love ideas whose recommendations are, sweetness and purity. But still, we'll trust there are amongst us many, among whom yet live, and still are loved, the recollections of that gentle race, whose inner life is as a soul to nature.

To such we dedicate the following little legend. The spring therein referred to is situated at the extremity of Belle Hogue point, and is said to be endowed with the double power of restoring sight and causing the dumb to speak.

The Fairies' Spring.

In ages now gone by, when yet the world was young, two fairies dwelt here; together they lived on, enjoying all that glad and beauteous was upon God's earth. There was then no sin to mar, no crime that could pollute; earth, heaven, sea, air, and sky, all sang the Almighty's praise; sweet sounds of music rolled from sphere to sphere, and bright, glad spirits wandered, where now man slaves to gain his daily bread by the hard labour of his toil-worn hands.

Down mid the ever-blooming flowers these fairies sat,—Arna and Aiūna were their names,—together they had lived and loved for many an age, but now their state was

soon to change, for they had passed the time allotted them on earth, and soon their God would place them in a still higher sphere of joy.

Together, hand in hand, they sat, watching the setting sun; . . . and while they gazed, an angel's form swept down, . . . and thus he spoke. . . . Arna and Aiūna, the messenger of God I come, to take thee to a new bright home beyond the stars, there wilt thou be nearer placed to the Almighty's throne. . . . Joy flowed through all their veins, . . . they raised the hymn of praise. . . . Aloft they rose, led by the angel, up to where their seats in heaven should be for ever fixed among the blest.

But, ere they went, the recollection of their long-loved home came o'er them, and from each sinless eye one pearly drop fell down, pure as themselves; . . . these tears were earthly, so to earth they fell. . . . But springing from those who now immortal were, they could not die; . . . so up again from earth they sprang, and the twin-fountain flows for ever, fraught with twin-blessings to mankind.

* * * * *

We live in a material age; and if our lives are, in a measure, shorn of natural charms and poetry, we must by our usefulness fill up the void so caused; and if we cannot give time to contemplate the beautiful that now exists, we can look forward to a period when nought else shall have a place. But it is still granted to most of us to look upon the fields and flowers from time to time; the mechanic has his day, his day of rest, on which he can go out from the smoky town and be with nature; and so we mostly have

our holidays, when, borne on the wings of steam, we spread ourselves over the face of Europe. And in this brief interval of the mind's repose, our bodies wander over scenes of beauty, and our hearts expand beneath the canopy of heaven.

Thankfully enjoying ourselves amidst these scenes, and laying up a store of future happiness, let us proceed and wander on along the hill-tops, contemplating, on the one side, rugged cliffs and ocean, and on the other, fertility and cultivation.

Having sufficiently enjoyed the immediate neighbourhood of Bonne Nuit, by striking off westerly (still keeping near the coast) we shall, in about twenty minutes, reach the best waterfall in Jersey. It is situated in a deep ravine, and you do not perceive it until you have scrambled down nearly to a level with the sea. The fall is not very considerable, and, of course, its attractiveness depends upon the supply of water; there is, however, generally sufficient to reward you for your trouble, and the situation is very wild. An old ruined paper-mill stands by, and will help to adorn your sketch.

Still further westward,—perhaps ten minutes' scramble over the high hill above the fall,—we come to another ravine smaller than the last, also containing a little stream. Cross to the west side and go on towards the sea, in about two minutes your feet will rest upon a neck of land, the ravine upon your right, and on your left the ruin of a cave. It is a vast fissure in the rock, which, funnel-shaped, sinks down until the rocky sides are lost in the dark depth; shuddering

we look over, at our feet,—with slope so sudden that, if the slightest impetus were given, it would be impossible to arrest our progress,—the fearful chasm yawns ; its smoothly levelled sides seem inviting to the black centre,—one slip, and we should glide gently on till, gathering force by the descent, we should disappear, and our crushed bodies be buried in the profound abyss.

Such thoughts naturally come into our minds while standing in the narrow path that leads past this awful chasm ; the origin of it was evidently the falling of a cave, but as we shall have to mention another more remarkable *Creux* in Sark we will not dwell on this one. The path leads down to where sometimes there is a little beach, but only (I believe) at quite low water. From here may be taken a boat, and the caves between this place and Grêve de Lecq can thus be explored. The coast is very interesting; but be sure and choose a day on which the sea is perfectly calm, and have good guides, or you may never see another day's sunlight, but remain and moulder within some sea-worn cave.

At present we will not encounter these dangers, but return to St. John's, and there resume our carriage, and drive homewards through the valley of St. Peter. This valley is considered by many to be the most beautiful one in Jersey, and it certainly has high claim to this supremacy, for it is a long, winding valley, sloping very gradually to the south for some three miles. It is exceedingly fertile, well watered, and richly wooded. It is enclosed within hills, for the most part shelving gradually down into the

valley; but occasionally the rock breaks through the soil, and makes the ascent more sudden. Here and there pools of water are seen formed, by damming up the brooks for the purpose of irrigation; mills are occasionally placed below these collected waters, and not being too numerous, rather add to than diminish the beauty of the scene. Personally, however, we think many of the smaller valleys (St. Lawrence's, for instance) exceed the valley of St. Peter in most elements of beauty, and certainly in picturesqueness.

An excellent road has been lately formed all through St. Peter's: it runs into the road round St. Aubin's Bay, close to the second martello tower. But before we gain this familiar track we pass the celebrated hothouses where the best grapes in Europe are supposed to grow. As, however, the proprietor will not permit any one to see them, we can give no account of the interior; the exterior consists of long lines of glass on the south side of a hill reflecting the sun's rays. We understand the proprietor sent a present of grapes to Napoleon III. when our Queen visited him in Paris, so he is not wholly uncourteous, but apparently keeps his courtesy for the great alone.

MARTELLO TOWER.

CHAPTER X.

ST. OUEN'S AND GREVE DE LECQ.

THERE is a valley leading from St. Aubin's town straight up into the interior of the island, it is one of the most beautiful there is even in Jersey. It has very much the same character as the little lateral valleys of the Rhine. There

are the same poplars growing by the same brook, which gliding through overspreads and makes green the grass; the hills are of the same shape and character, and are occasionally terraced as though for vineyards, and the wild heaths and other flowering shrubs grow on the summits—and those portions of the hill-sides that are uncultivated, quite as luxuriantly as in the more celebrated locality.

Through this valley we passed when on our road to explore St. Ouen's Bay and Grêve de Lecq. The valley winds, and in its windings becomes more and more wooded, till, as we arrive at a tiny village called Greenville, the narrow space is filled with trees, through which we hear the streamlet murmur.

I fear the reader is well-nigh tired of these descriptions; for descriptions, unlike the actual scenes themselves, are necessarily monotonous. But when the reader comes himself to wander here, he will find that, though there is a sameness in the valleys, it is merely that the same beauties constantly occur, but ever in a different shape; for no two brooks ever ran alike, nor ever rose the hills above our heads in the same form. So if the descriptions are too similar, it is the fault of the writer, not the scenery.

Leaving the secluded valley to its own peacefulness, we emerge from it into the road above St. Brelade's Bay, and continue (westwards) upon it. The road is straight, and runs along nearly the highest land in Jersey. Extensive, therefore, are the views that meet our eyes, and varied as extensive: the sea, the hills and rocks, the valleys and the plain, all in turn attract our gaze; and close at hand with

interest we watch the industrious labourers conquering the sandy soil, by mixing with it vraic, and thus most excellent crops of good potatoes are produced.

This vraic is a seaweed which, at certain seasons of the year, the people cut or drag from off the rocks; and a most useful weed it is, for it becomes, when dried, fuel for their fires, and the ashes then are put upon the land; or else they put it on the fields at once, thus saving themselves the trouble of burning it, but it is not nearly so beneficial as the ash. However, in any case it is invaluable to them, as it costs them nothing but the trouble of collecting, and the people of this part of the island have but few cattle to enrich the soil.

By keeping to the left when (after a two-miles' walk) the road divides, we are brought out upon a common covered with low furze bushes, of which great loads are annually cut for fuel. Here stands the signal-post from which the first approach of vessels from England to the island is signalled to St. Helier's. Proceeding seaward through the furze (too prickly for summer clothing), we are soon brought to a standstill by the rocks, which here have a sheer descent of some three hundred feet. Below the sea chafes; and in front, at a short distance, are the Corbière rocks, over which the waves always break, and round them heaves the swell that ever is raised up by the black rocks that cluster underneath.

From here Guernsey is seen, and from this spot should be seen the sun set into the ocean, illumining the green waves with a last tinge of scarlet; then the glorious beams

are quenched by the sea's embrace, save where above the horizon linger yet the roseate hues of twilight, and behind us still the heavens are flushed with the last reflexion from the departed monarch's smile.

We pass from here, across the prickly upland, to where a huge quarry of the finest granite employs the hands of many men. It is a busy scene . . . down in the quarries toil the athletic forms, while up above are strewn around huge blocks that have been excavated from the deep recess. . . . The reports of the blasting, too, are heard, and mingle with the sounds the sea makes battling with the crags below. Carts, drawn by two horses each, arrive at a sharp trot, and with much slower movement return to the town with the granite blocks already fashioned for the builder.

The granite is of different qualities, varying in colour from a reddish to a stone-grey tint. This latter the masons say is best to work, and the most durable. Down to the sea are thrown the clearings of the quarries; and looking up, the loads, as they are toppled over from the carts, appear like spadesful, so great the height.

Lingering and clambering here among the rocks the time slips by, and as we have a good distance yet to go, we must leave this busy scene for another as busy, and more uncommon; for round the next headland we look down upon a rugged bay, thickly filled up with rocks, and to these rocks the vraic is clinging, while everywhere the people, armed with rakes and prongs, are tearing off the useful weed, and carting it away before the returning tide can stop their progress.

The gatherers here are natives, while the stone-cutters are many, if not mostly, English, who have come from Devonshire and Cornwall, attracted by the Government works that were carried on at St. Catherine's Bay, and at the new harbour in Alderney.

A little farther on, and St. Ouen's Bay breaks on our view—a wild, grand scene of devastation. A ridge of hills, nearly of equal height, closes in into the shape of a strung bow,—a space of about three miles in length, and, at the widest, half a mile in breadth. Below the hills are broken grassy ridges, in part swept over by the sand; then joining them, and sloping gently to the sea, is the sand-beach upon which the waves come tumbling.

Just at the junction of the grass and sand are built Martello towers, with short intervals between them; they vary in their height and shapes, but all have their cold iron eyes fixed upon the ocean, always ready to glance forth lightnings to destroy their foes. Scarce one-third of the distance up the bay, surrounded by the sea, there is a fort built out upon a rock,—looking as though it were the captain of the other towers, gallantly leading on his men to victory.

As first we saw St. Ouen's Bay the sky was gloomy, but from the west the flush of coming evening was reflected by the wet sand, and we thought that never had we gazed upon a scene that so realised to our imaginations the story with which it was connected.

The legend is this,—that many years ago this waste of sand was a bright valley, but the waters came and claimed

it as their own, for it was forfeited by man for deeds of cruelty done there: then the land bowed its head to its stern fate, and, sinking down, over the fields and village rolled the tide. Even now, at the water's lowest ebb, the people say, there may be seen old walls and ruins, which yet stand beneath their conquering enemy the sea.

The reason why the land was forfeited is told in the succeeding version of the legend handed down.

The Spanish Barks.

I.

The tempest was abroad upon the ocean, the winds howled and the waves roared; the sea and sky were mingled in one drear embrace of drifting mist, raised by the rain and spray. It should have been broad daylight, but it was not, for this mist was driven by the wind over the valley called the *Qu'envais*, and, like a wet shroud over a live form, shut out from the living valley the brightness of the ever-shining sun: thus, corpse-like, lay the green fields that then rose where now the sea is called St. Ouen's Bay.

'Twas the third day of the gale, and as the day wore on the storm abated; and when the night spread a still darker gloom upon the scene, the wind murmured itself to rest.

But, ere the wind went down and the storm ceased, the dwellers on the shore had seen at intervals lights burnt at sea, which for a moment would illumine the masts and rigging of great argosies, which, driven by the storm,

approached the coast. These ships were five in number, and those gazing from the land had noted that their sails were rent and their masts shattered by the gale; but they were a wicked, ruthless race who dwelt upon this portion of the island, and some amongst them having sailed in foreign lands, with experienced eyes, had quickly seen the barks were Spanish, and concluded that they contained the treasures of the new Western world, therefore they lit no fire nor made signal of any sort to assist the vessels' safety, but hoped the rich prizes might be stranded on their shore.

The mariners on board were now enabled, by the lulling of the storm, to regain some command over their labouring ships, and seeing no lights on shore answering their signals, deem the coast impracticable for landing, or else uninhabited; so they turn their vessels' prows again towards the heaving ocean.

This unexpected change in their intention caused many a curse to rise in the foul throats of those on land, and, hastily taking counsel with each other, they go round to where underneath the waves lie pointed rocks, and, inland of them, light fires to entice the vessels there. Deceived by these false lights, the poor tired sailors hail with joy the flames they think will guide them to a port where in security they may refit their shattered ships; nor do they find until too late that the fiends on shore have lured them to destruction, for the first intimation of their fate in store is the sharp crash of the vessels' timbers on the pointed rocks, and then the rush of water in the hold.

The sea soon completed the destruction, and rolled over four of the fated ships; the fifth was caught within a cleft, and there was held while the huge waves broke over her. Upon her deck two figures knelt, an old man and a girl, easily visible, for not a stone's throw off from where the fire was built, lay the black hull. "Save,—oh, save my child from this watery grave!" shouted the old man; "and I will bless thee—bless thee, although thy signals have destroyed my ship and me." No answer came. "Save her, and I will give thee all my chests of gold!" again screamed out the poor old man. A laugh was the reply from those that understood, for well they knew the gold must all be theirs, if no survivor from the vessels live to claim it. Their fiendish laughter had scarce died away when a wave swept overboard the body of the girl. Then rose the old man, his garments streaming in the wind; and as the vessel, now released from the rock's hold, reels forward, his voice again is heard, "I offered ye my blessing and my gold, and ye answered by a laugh;—I now give ye, with my last breath, my curse! Doomed by the same cruel death to die, I summon ye to meet me below the waters of this bay."

While the curse still rang within the listeners' ears, old man and vessel were alike gone down beneath the troubled sea.

II.

A year had passed, and from the largest building in the wreckers' village rang out coarse laughter and shouts

of boisterous merriment; for here they keep the anniversary of the day on which they had enriched themselves by luring to destruction the Spanish ships.

Within the house, around rough-hewn planks, sat the evil band; and on the planks were placed huge stoups of wine, from which they quaffed in cups of precious metal. From the throat of one is shouted forth a song, and some join in the chorus; while others are discussing the events which happened just twelve months before. One, who appears to be the presiding scoundrel, is saying to his fellows, "The old man's curse will scarcely reach us here, and it will be long before I trouble the water with my presence." Another hiccups out, while seizing on a fresh-filled flagon, "Mine be a death of wine, no water shall pass my lips!"

While thus they talk, and drink, and sing within, without the air grows thick and heavy, and the leaves hang motionless upon the trees. The sea with slow movement heaves, and her huge bosom seems to pant. There is an awful pause and stillness over the face of Nature.

But ever within the merriment increases, the glittering cups are still filled up with wine, and still in quick succession emptied down the accursed throats of the relentless murderers.

At length the awful pause is ended, the dread silence broken; and in one sheet of flame earth, sea, and sky alike are lost to view. Then comes the thunder's roar,—then rolls the awful sound of God's anger over earth: the valley, rocks, and hills surrounding, tremble. Down fall

the buildings round—the greater one falls last; and in the interval the wretches from within escape from the immediate death, but only to prolong their agony of mind.

They run, confounded, through the storm, which now with terrible fury has broken overhead; in the incessant pealings of the thunder are lost the cries they raise, as, endeavouring to fly unto the hills, they find themselves encompassed by a yawning abyss which opens black all round,—save where the sea is slowly rising, and gradually but surely gaining inch by inch the land of the doomed wreckers. Their strength exhausted, they cluster together on the highest spot; but before the morning light the highest spot is far beneath the sea, and over the bodies of the murderers settles down the sand, from which they will arise no more till the great day of judgment.

The ocean now smiles over the ruins of the village and the graves of the victims and destroyers.

* * * * *

While gazing at this wild scene, and thinking of the fate of the former dwellers of the valley, the night came on us dull and dark; so hastily we turned, and hurried on through cross-roads innumerable to gain our inn at Grêve de Lecq.

After losing our way, and wandering, as it seemed, for hours in the interminable lanes, we at length hit on the right valley; and passing between banks lighted by the glowworm arrived at our destination, where we were received by a polite French hostess and her pretty maid, who soon prepared us supper and a comfortable chamber,

where (having supped rather heavily) we dreamt that Spanish ships, containing hosts of girls and chests of gold, on which old men sat in flowing robes, were settling down upon us; and at last the climax came by the girls in chorus shrieking, "Here is your hot water, sir, and it's eight o'clock!"

So we got up, and went down to the sandy bay,—a little secluded place it is, with high hills precipitous surrounding, and the fresh waves sporting on the sand: we, too, soon sported amid the waves, and then returned to breakfast.

Our repast over, we wished our hostess and her maid "Good-bye."

To explore the north-western promontory of Jersey from Grêve de Lecq, we start up the hill opposite to the inn. On reaching the spot from where the vignette at the head of this chapter was taken, we halt and look around us. The scene is peculiar. In front we see the tower, surrounded by furze-bushes growing out of sand, which sand, thick lying, fills the little valley from where we stand down to the water's edge; upon our right is placed the inn, and close by it some small square houses, occasionally used as barracks; behind, the richly-wooded country gradually slopes up to near St. Mary's Church. In this scene the wild and drear are interwoven with the gentle and the sweet.

We turn to our left and ascend through a wide ravine, which brings us into a lovelier lane than usual. The banks are rather high, and the trees growing from their summits form a Gothic arch above; ivy is on the banks

and round the stems, mingled with grey mosses that encrust the rocks, which here and there peep out from the earth banks.

Occasionally we pass by ancient farmhouses, built of solid stone, with Saxon arched doorways: these houses, and the walls around their little homesteads, are sheeted with golden lichens.

The lane we are describing is in a continuation of the wide ravine, and turning round we look down its long vista. The chequered lights come through the high green arch, and form fantastic patterns on the ground. Here and there through the stems are seen bits of tiny meadows, that slope down in company with the lane to where, at the far end, the distant rocks that bound the sea are seen; and thus the picture is completed. But there is actually present here what pictures can only bring to the imagination,—the sound of the distant waves, and the sweet songs of the blackbird and the thrush.

It is impossible to detail the beauties of this end of the island, but the visitor will find the lanes about here even more beautiful than those in other parts. Added to which, there are the rocks and caves, the beaches and the downs, for scrambling and for exercise and air. The inn at Grêve de Lecq is comfortable and moderate, so a few days may with much pleasure here be spent.

From Grêve de Lecq, all round to St. Ouen's Bay, the coast is formed of high, precipitous rocks, containing, in their bases, caves worth visiting by those who are not afraid of wet feet and clambering over rocks; but remember

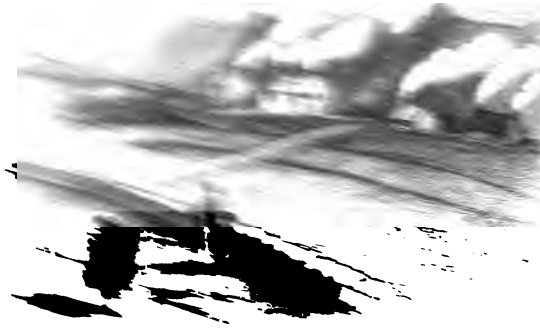
the former warning respecting caves upon this shore, and *do not venture without guides*, or you may here make your *last* excursion.

Plémont Point is near this part—it will repay a visit at any time. It is never tame, the sea is always beating on the rocks with more or less fury, and the gulls are whirling round screaming, or else ride on the crested waves, their foamy coursers. The Point itself is a jutting rock, that, nearly separated from the land, stretches out to sea; a narrow causeway leads to it, and here has been erected a guard-house; the rock is precipitous except on the east side, where a boat may land its passengers to view the caves that burrow underneath.

To the westward of Plémont is Grosnez Cape and Castle, the north-western promontory of the island. Only an archway now remains of this formerly strong castle, it was held by De Carteret when the Count de Mauleverier had obtained possession of Mount Orgueil, and from here he harassed the enemy perpetually, till he was driven by Harliston and himself from Jersey.

The origin of Grosnez Castle is ascribed to the Roman era, but there appears no certainty that this is the case; it is, however, undoubtedly of very ancient origin, and in its old age of ruin picturesque.

The cliffs all round Grosnez are very high, and from the sea they have a strong resemblance to the profile of the old Napoleon. From their summits Sark and Guernsey are distinctly seen, and the sea is lively with the ships that pass between the sister isles.



...land of Le Taeq nestles a

village, with wreaths of white smoke ascending from the chimneys, caused by the large fires they keep up to reduce to ashes the vraic before they put it on their land.

The scene is very pleasing,—the broken outlines of the hills, the pure white smoke, and the still lying water, with a boat or two spreading its wings to catch the faintest breath of air, all help to give the mind a feeling of repose; upon the wall from where this sketch was made we sat and dreamt of the beautiful valley now submerged, and traced in fancy the outlines of the lost village.

Turning homewards, *i.e.* towards the Corbière Rocks, a walk of about two miles and a half upon the sand, which, firm, though rather wet, is very pleasant walking when the tide is out, brings us to the other end of the great bay. Owing to the gradual slope of the sand, the sea comes frolicking and tumbling in, its colour ever varied, the blue of the distance and the purple of the nearer water become green and white close in, then the yellow sand still wet reflects the sky, and the martello towers are repeated in the little pools; it is a charming place to ride or walk, and little visited by tourists.

Between the hills and sands is a large reedy pool, the haunt of wild fowl in the winter, and of huge carp at all times; when fishing here about 1464 (at which time the French held half of the island), Sir Philip de Carteret* was nearly taken prisoner by the French, but escaped in the following manner:—

* We quote from the old chronicles.

"Now it chanced at that time that the Lord of St. Ouen was one day at his meer, near the bay of St. Ouen, there to catch fish in the fresh water. The French came secretly between the sand ridges and the sea, along the shore, thinking to surprise and make him prisoner. But the said Seigneur, who was never unsupplied with a good horse, hastily mounted, thinking to gain his manor-house; but before he could reach the summit of the hill he perceived another party of French, who thought to enclose him, so he was obliged to turn his bridle towards the Val de la Charière (a valley to his right), and inasmuch as he had not the leisure just then to seek out one of the inlets to the road, and seeing himself pursued close at heels, he made his horse leap over one of the profoundest chasms in his way, which was eighteen feet deep and twenty-two feet wide; and, spurring his horse to its utmost, towards the grounds of St. Ouen, by its exceeding swiftness he escaped. But before the said lord could regain his manor-house the said horse fell dead beneath him, at which the said lord was much grieved, and, for the goodness of the said horse, had it interred in his garden, for the good service which it had rendered him, not wishing it to be eaten by either dogs or birds."

A picture of the knight and horse is still extant.

Having arrived at the other end of the bay, we have explored the leading features of the island; therefore, we will close this last chapter of the scenery of Jersey by again beseeching the tourist to look for himself into the

hundred little valleys undescribed, and pursue the four hundred or more miles of road, said to exist within the island's boundary of some forty miles.

PEASANT OF ST. OUEN'S.

GUERNSEY.

ST. PETER'S PORT.

CHAPTER XI.

PASSAGE TO GUERNSEY, AND ST. PETER'S PORT.

THE last boat had delivered to the steamer the last passenger, and the last dispute, as to whether certain large bales were baggage or freight, had been settled in a pleasing mixture of French and English, garnished with strong ex-

pressions, the ropes were cast loose, and we emerged from the narrow entrance of the harbour at St. Heliers, *en route* for Guernsey.

Swiftly we glided past St. Aubin's Bay, and round the Noirmont Point, when Portelet Bay, then that of St. Brelade, became visible; and, as we approached and soon rounded the Corbière Rocks, the ground-swell commenced heaving us up and letting us slowly down, with a sinking of the heart and a quiver of the vessel, that soon caused all smiles to fade away, and cigar-ends to go as a first offering to the mighty deep. A group of ladies, who a moment before stood laughing and talking enthusiastically of the beauties of the island they were leaving behind, now, all mirth gone, with the roses from their cheeks, subsided into the little sheltered houses on the deck, where the attentive steward supplies relays of basins; the young man, too, who, in nautical garb, had so freely given his opinion on the weather, and had, by his telescope and language, almost led us to believe in him as one whose proper element was ocean, had disappeared, not to be seen again until the quiet water at Southampton permits his erratic legs to bring his body to the deck.

The Cliffs of Plémont now receding on our starboard quarter, Sark becomes visible on that bow, then Guernsey stretches her high coast in front, and Herm and Jedthou lying between her and Sark, the sea appears shut in. Gradually nearing the land, Castle Cornet is seen standing firmly on a rock defending the entrance of St. Peter's Port, and the town itself comes in view, rising street above street, with tall trees waving on the summit of the hill, and the

piers in front surrounding the little port, from whose entrance a fleet of row boats brings passengers, usually laden with a profusion of rich flowers for their friends at Southampton.

The steamer having for an instant ceased her panting, we and our luggage are summarily placed in boats and sent ashore while the new candidates for discomfort ascend the vessel on the other side. Looking from behind a vast bonnet-box, placed on our knees by a French lady (whose pallid husband has been deposited upon the seat, wrapped in a damp cloak), we perceive, on a headland to our left, a high pillar raised to the memory of Sir John Doyle, a former Governor, and, nearer to the town, a strong fortification, with barracks, and a pleasantly situated house for the commanding officer's residence. Now within the port we land, of course surrounded by the usual polite recommendations to all sorts of houses of entertainment, and are marched off at last under a strong escort of attendant porters.

On getting into the town we are surprised at the narrowness of the streets, which, badly paved, ascend the hill with steps, or else by steep inclines; one tortuously winding street of rather more pretension than the rest is called the High Street, and runs along the bottom of the hill. In this street there is a pretty good hotel, called the Yacht Club; and on the Esplanade, upon which the High Street debouches, there is another, called Gardner's, the situation of this latter one is pleasant, as in front is the sea, with Jedthou, Herm, and Sark, in full view; here pass the steamers also, and many a sail enlivens the pleasant scene.

Here we abode some days, and walked in all directions over the charming island; but, as there is a guide-book already written by a lady, which touches on most topics that are interesting to strangers, I shall merely endeavour to give in my description an account of my own rambles: two painters sitting down to sketch the same scene from the same spot, will invariably make quite different pictures, so I trust it may be found that I have not interfered with ground already occupied by one of the fairer sex.

Starting from the inn to walk about the town named St. Peter's Port, we are much struck by the new works that are going on in front, for the purpose of enlarging the harbour; the plan is, to run one arm of a new pier across to Castle Cornet, while the other is to join on to the Esplanade, a magnificent harbour will thus be formed in place of the very insufficient one now over-crowded; and a promenade, of which at present there is a great want, will thus be given to the public, and will assuredly be the making of the place. The houses are many of them old and very picturesque, and I should think the shops were good, although, owing to the irregularity of the streets, they are not set off to much advantage. An obliging bookseller, named Redstone, takes in the newspapers, and strangers are allowed to scan them gratis.

The fish-market will be the great point of attraction to most people; here, on forty slabs of marble, fish of all sorts and sizes, enormous turbot, red mullet, lobsters, John Dorey, plaice, huge eels, and rock-fish, with an infinity of others, lie waiting for their purchasers; the

hall is lofty, and well aired, although so great the quantity of fish, no taint of anything unpleasant is perceived.

Rambling on, still up and up, for St. Peter's Port is like a Jacob's ladder, we pass occasionally well-built houses, and, here and there, good shops, at last we get up to the top, and find much better houses, and a college, established by Queen Elizabeth, for the purpose of training Protestant clergy for the island churches; it is a handsome edifice, built in a castellated form.

Not far from this is a large open space surrounded by fine trees called the New Ground, a sort of public playground, well supplied with seats, and a fine air is always blowing freshly there. It is on this part of the hill, too, that the Victoria Tower, a graceful memorial of the visit of our Queen to Guernsey, has been erected; a good view may be had from the summit, the ascent is not difficult. Of the churches, the old parochial one, built in 1312, is perhaps the only one a tourist will care to see, it is near the port, and will repay a visit; there is some fine modern painted glass which adds greatly to its beauty.

Within the town there is not much else worth noticing, so we had better go at once to the country walks.

VIEW NEAR ST. PETER'S PORT.

CHAPTER XII.

WALK THROUGH THE PARISH OF CATEL TO VAZON AND COBO BAYS.

THE environs of St. Peter's Port are very charming; on the high ground above the town, in all directions, are rows of houses or isolated villas, and everywhere rise trees, which

shade the roads that usually are thickly sprinkled with pedestrians of the fair sex; and here, as in Jersey, the average of beauty is very great; and being near to tasteful France, the ladies have the rare and happy knack of dressing well. So nowhere can we stroll with greater pleasure than down the roads which lead from town to Câtel, or St. Andrew's.

Celebrated for flowers, which flourish here beyond most other places; the inhabitants all have their gardens, and beautiful and varied are the colours that they give; for now the dahlias, in full beauty, have unfolded to our eyes their various tints; through the windows, too, we see the island lilies, whose graceful stems support their wax-like flowers; the fuchsia trees still are in full bloom, and the late flowering myrtle, while everywhere are greenhouses, in which the purple grapes hang down and tempt the passer-by.

A little further on, and as the houses become more scarce, we note the orchards which, surrounding us, are sparkling with the yet ungathered fruit; although we often see huge piles of green and red which lie collected on the ground, the first instalment of the plenteous crop. And through the leafy screen we hear ring out right merry peals of laughter from the children gathering the ruddy fruit, which rivals their bright cheeks; but the laughter would soon be hushed, were we to whisper in their ears one of the native tales of witchcraft or diablerie; for nowhere flourishes in greater force belief in spirits: and here, as is too often the case, many of these tales are tales of horror to the

young, instead of, as they should be, means of imparting good and gentle thoughts to their unformed minds. Some of the tales are pretty, and two or three are well selected, by the authoress of "Redstone's Guide."

A pleasant road, from which distant glimpses of the sea are caught, runs down a slope; and (I mean to go to Cobo Bay) having left behind the College and Victoria Column, proceeds straight inland. A twenty minutes' walk brings us to where, on the right hand, an archway in the wall shows us Saumarez; a most exquisite peep it is, the glassy piece of water in front of the pretty house, repeats its beauty, with the additional charm that reflexion always gives, each bit of colour softened, and the whole toned down by a clear transparent grey. Still, turning to neither side, we go on, and the shady lane brings us out on Cobo Bay; the martello towers sternly keep watch along the coast. We turn to the left and continue on to Vazon Bay. The water of this bay flows over an ancient forest, and here the peasants hack out peat at low water for their fires. Near this place was fought a battle, memorable in the annals of the island, and most creditable to those who on that day fought for their native soil. The principal facts in the following sketch are true.

The Field of La Bataille.

Near Vazon Bay there was a bloody battle, between the Guernseymen and the Spanish, who, headed by Yvon de

Galles, had descended on the coast. From morn till evening had the battle raged, and the ground ran red with blood; and now the islanders retreat slowly and with their faces to the foe; but retreat they must, for, taken by surprise, they scarce had time to assemble any force to meet the invaders, and they hope the darkness of the coming night will enable their brethren to come to their assistance.

The first man who had given notice of the enemy's approach was Jean Letocq, and he, while cutting peat at daylight down in Vazon Bay, had seen the Spaniards near the land, and quickly given the alarm. And all day long, without rest or food, the gallant Jean had fought, defending inch by inch his father-land.

Now retreating, the defenders had gained a summit where the trees were thickly growing, and fearing that the enemy might attack them again before their friends could come, they felled some trees and formed a breastwork round their little camp. Having secured themselves, they sent out small parties to bring in that food, of which all stood so much in need; then, lighting fires, in groups they sat conversing on the events which had so rapidly befallen.

Letocq, worn out, had fallen asleep; but waking soon he saw all gathered round some new-comers, who, with quick uttered words were telling, "that the Spaniards had detached part of their force to seize upon the Abbey of St. Michael; and even now the horizon was reddening with the flames of the poor cottages, that clustered near the sacred edifice."

Letocq for one moment listened, then, seizing his arms,

rushed wildly off in the direction of the Abbey; for in one of the poor cottages that now was burning he lived, and there his wife and little one were left, when he went forth at day-break to work at Vazon Bay. Where were they now? And fearful was the answer to this question that, in his rapid course, he often asked himself, for as he came to where the lurid glare was rising from his still burning house he saw his child a corpse before the door, its young face crushed beneath a black charred beam; and from the distance faintly heard the cry of his young wife, borne on the thick murky air. Maddened, he tore on to where, struggling in the arms of her brute captors, he found her, and with one well-aimed blow laid prostrate at his feet the foremost ruffian; then, reeling with exhaustion, fell.

The next day the bodies of Letocq and his poor wife were found and buried in one grave, with the remains of their little child.

Thus died a hero! Nor was the battle fought in vain; for finding the whole island now in arms, the Spaniards retreated to their ships. And the fight that saved the island is remembered, and the ground called La Bataille, unto this day.

* * * * *

The cave, called Le Creux des Fées, is on the northern promontory of this bay; from hence are said to have issued the fairies who once conquered Guernsey, and now watch over the happiness of their former homes, and offspring,—for the Guernseyites are supposed to be descendants of that

little race of beings,—and the fact is unquestionably true, you will be told, for see the diminutive size of the pure bred natives even at this distant period.

Suppose we ramble off as far as the point opposite to Lihou, which is an island off the north-western coast; here stood a priory, long since decayed away. Then, returning, we come back towards Câtel, by King's Mills, near which some fine views are gained over the lower land. Arriving then at Câtel, we are delighted with the church and churchyard; there is an air of peace and quiet here well suited to the spot, and, reading the old tombstones, we reflect upon the numbers there who lie in tranquil slumber, after passing their little term of life, perhaps, without ever having quitted the isle which gave them birth. But here, as everywhere, on the small stage, as the large, has been played out the drama of the loves and passions of mankind; from the former will I select a specimen to illustrate the old tradition of St. George's Well, which is situated on the estate of the same name, in the parish of this church.

St. George's Well.

"Marie, my beloved!" and the youth's dark eyes sought hers; "you know how dearly and how truly I have loved you, the love growing with my growth; till, when on that sweet summer's evening, as you came back from town, I first told you what you long before had known, but I had never dared to utter: then from your sweet lips the gentle answer came, and we swore eternal love each to the other."

"From that day forth a fire has been within my bosom, a burning and consuming flame; for I need not now repeat how your father scorned me, when I begged that he would give his blessing with his child to me; never till then had I remembered that poverty was sin, and that a fisherman's poor son was all unfit to wed with the rich farmer's child. I *had* supposed that having lived so close, and he so often must have seen you and myself together, that he would long before have told me I was no mate for you if so he thought; for surely he must have known no man could be with you often and not love. Oh, Marie! were he not thy father, I had not borne his scorn, for why am I inferior to others of my sex? have I not strength of body, and (thanks to the Priest who took me in when I was desolate at my poor father's death) knowledge of the mind to keep the Bride whose love my own had won?

"You know, my own, I asked not for his gold, but thee; oh! would the hateful metal never had been dug from out the bosom of the earth!"—he paused; and the low music of the girl's sweet voice replied,—

"I know, dear Simon, that your love is true, that you love me for myself alone; but my father is, unhappily for us, not only rich, but anxious that I should marry one, who, also rich, shall add fresh fields to those he at his death will leave to me. But, Simon, I still have hope that he may yet relent; for oh, in truth he loves me, and will not let his only child's heart break."

"Nay, Marie, my own, my blessing upon earth, thou shalt *not* break thy heart; if, as thy father said, thy husband

must be a wealthy man, give me but time and *I* will be that man. Beloved, we cannot meet again for long, for I must try upon the sea to gain that which the land denies me. Promise me here, in the pure light of that sweet moon, who so often has witnessed lovers' vows, that till I come again thou wilt not wed with any."

"I promise freely, and night and morning will I pray for thee, my only dear one: for oh, full well I know the dangerous errand on which you go. May you prosper, and return to Marie quickly."

Then on his breast she wept her sad farewell, until he tore himself away from her embrace, fearing her long stay should bring harsh words upon her head; her trusting eyes followed his disappearing form, until at length even fancy could not trace an outline visible. Then she went in, and as she sat and thought of him, her young heart quaked at the dangers he must meet, but her conscience did not reproach her with consenting to his engaging in what was termed "*free-trade*," for at that day the islanders looked on it rather as a meritorious way of getting rich, than as a pursuit of crime.

Week after week wore on, and they had lengthened into many months, during which time, at long intervals, Simon had come, and for a short hour staying, told Marie that he prospered; and now he had been gone upon a last, long expedition. The time was past at which he had fixed the period of his return, and still he came not; the ever-trusting Marie watched at their trysting-place, hoping he might come; her young heart sank as she watched the dark clouds

driven by the wind over the face of the pale watery moon, for oh ! she feared that *he* might be upon the ocean ; and as the silent tears stole from her eyes, mentally she prayed the Virgin mother would protect her beloved from the storm.

Suddenly her breathing is suspended, forward she leans, and her eyes dilate, for well she knows the step that, crushing the thick herbage, comes, . . . nearer it comes, and she is hanging on his neck.

" Oh, Simon! the Virgin *has* heard my prayers, and sent thee to me safe." Then, as the clouds left the moon free, she saw the expression of his face, and the glad tears that now were gathering in her eyes returned to the sacred well from whence they came. For an instant both were silent, until Marie, clinging yet closer to her lover, whispered,—

" Whatever has befallen ?—have I not *thee*, my own, in safety ? "

A groan was the reply. Then his voice came: " Marie, *I have lost all !* and am returned no richer than I was when first I sought thy love. I've fought and struggled with,—nay, nearly conquered, destiny ; but now—" and his accents hissed in the night air,—" I am a beggar ! I have come to thee once more to take a last farewell, and to release you from the promise which you gave."

" Stay, Simon, I have a plan," broke in the now firm voice of Marie. " You know that the custom still remains in force, that she who shall for nine successive days make offering to St. George, and, looking into his well, see there the face of her beloved, can claim her bridegroom. Simon, I *have* offered and *have* prayed to the good Saint, and what

other face *could* I in the dark waters see but thine? I know I shall draw down much censure on my head, and be told I am unmaidenlike and forward; but what care I so long as I am thine? Simon, I *will* claim thee; but first I will appeal once more to my father, and he yet may grant my prayer."

Having arranged to meet again upon the following night, they separate; and Marie, going to her father, kneels, and tells him of the efforts Simon made to become rich that he might wed her, and beseeches him to give her to one so worthy of her love.

But her father was a harsh, stern man, and steadfastly refused; till Marie, rising, reached down her cloak, intending to proceed to tell the Priest St. George had given her a husband, and she would summon him to meet her at the altar. Then, hearing her determination, rather than his child should so expose herself to public censure, the old man relented, and with ill grace gave his consent to that union, which caused the remainder of his life to be spent in happiness and comfort.

* * * * *

It is in the Câtel parish also, and not far from the church, that the fairs are held, and prizes given for the finest cattle there exhibited; the farmers are proud of their breed of cows, and think them superior to those of the other islands, but I believe there is not much difference in reality.

About this village (of Câtel) there are numberless pretty walks from which to choose, if you have not yet walked

enough, but probably the ramble by the sea-shore, the bays not being sandy, has tired and satisfied you for one day, so we will turn back to St. Peter's Port. But on our route, being overtaken by a heavy shower, we once sought refuge in a cottage, where, finding an intelligent peasant, we inquired whether there was any game still left in Guernsey? He told us there was not, only occasionally a rabbit might be shot, and in the winter, sometimes, snipe or woodcock; and this statement of his I find confirmed by every one. I have also remarked in all these islands that the people are of a naturally lazy inclination, and do not seem to care for field-sports of any sort, or even country exercise, but lounge about the towns or on the piers. At the same time, where money can be gained, they work with all their might; and even men who have their (for them) ample incomes of perhaps three or four hundred a-year, may be seen working in the fields like common labourers.

I fear there is a spirit of avarice among them, more than of mere care to supply their families and selves with the good gifts of nature.

We left the friendly peasant when the shower was over, and sought our comfort in our inn.

CHAPTER XIII.

L'ANCRESSE AND ST. SAMPSON'S.

Down Glatney Esplanade we passed, as the pale light from the just-risen sun came faintly through the mist; and leaning on the wall we watched the beautiful effect.

The island slowly moved on to meet the Lord of day, and the dispersing mists soon opening, showed Herm and Jedthou, tinged with the fresh glory of the autumnal sun; the dark hulls of vessels in the nearer water opposed their masses to the bright white sails that flitted in the distance; then the departing fog retreated to the far horizon, and formed a bank beyond where Sark sinks her rugged cliffs into the deep blue wave. The fresh sweet air came blowing from the sea, and, warmed by the sun's bright rays, was playing round our cheeks; and as we leant on the grey wall we thought what pleasure those deny themselves who lie asleep in heated chambers, while nature is awake and welcoming with all her charms the orb that gives her life.

Onward we went to where, at a corner of the Esplanade, a little Pier runs out; and here we sketched some old

houses soon to be numbered with the past, for they are doomed.

OLD HOUSES.

When the new piers have extended their arms, enclosing a fresh harbour, they must fall; for then the improvement of a drive all round this portion of the coast will be made, and necessarily this corner will be widened.

The road continues to run along the coast with a low sea wall; there are no sands, and scarcely any beach, but broken rocks and muddy, rough, stony ground.

Omnibuses ply constantly to St. Sampson's, perhaps two miles from St. Peter's Port. At St. Sampson's there is a harbour, principally used by vessels carrying granite, which is obtained near here in great perfection, and exported

in large quantities; the harbour is safe and sufficiently commodious, vessels are built here, and sometimes also suffered to decay,—for I saw one which for years has been lying useless in the harbour,—the palsying hand of law being upon it; and though I could not understand the detail, yet it amounts to this, that it can never leave the island or do good to any one, but lying there, must rot unused.

On an eminence, beyond this Port, stands the Vale Castle, and from here, looking backwards, is a charming view; beyond the Port stands the old church, built in 1111, most picturesquely situate, the undulating coast-line stretches far away, and in the distance is the town. Islands, shipping, and rocks, complete the sea-view; while inland, the tall windmills wave their arms above the fields supplying the rich food for those mighty giants. Immediately beneath, a fair valley, with rich green grass, well dotted with the far-famed cows of Guernsey, extends across the island, and claims our attention; for not many years ago over a large portion of this verdant plain the sea held sway, until it was expelled by the exertions of the Governor, Sir John Doyle.

The Vale Castle, under whose walls we have been standing, is the oldest fortress in the island, and was erected in the following manner, and for the following reason:—

St. Michael's, or the Vale Castle.

The well-known Mount St. Michael, on the west coast of France, had been the seat of a religious community from

very early times; hearing of the wretched state of ignorance in which the inhabitants of Guernsey and the neighbouring islands lived, the Abbot of St. Michael's determined to send from his own Abbey a discreet and learned man, who, with a certain number of confrères, should establish a priory in the island. Having made his selection, the little band went forth, and soon the favouring breeze landed them in safety at St. Sampson's Bay.

With the willing assistance of the natives they raised, what was commonly called, the Abbey of St. Michael's, and commenced their labours; the most beneficial effects soon followed on their teaching, the ancient and degrading superstitions began to die away, and with the pure light of true religion most of the evils that had oppressed the people disappeared.

One curse, however, still remained, or rather visited them at intervals; for the fierce northern tribes that roved the seas and lived by robbery, now more than ever attracted to the island by its increasing prosperity, (for the holy fathers taught their flock how best to cultivate the land, and attended to their temporal as well as their spiritual welfare) frequently made descents and carried off, not only the produce of their labour, but also their daughters and their wives.

A night of tempest had ushered in a bright, pure, autumnal morn; the songs of birds ascended from the fields, and the bespangled grass returned the thousand-tinted rays of the newly risen sun. Matins were over, and the fathers, dispersing, were proceeding to their usual avocations, when

a messenger breathlessly arrives with the unwelcome tidings that a large bark was stranded on the beach, and a party of armed men, appearing like their dread enemies the pirates, were approaching fast that place; the prior summons the monks to attend him back to their chapel, and there, before the altar, he takes his stand, his brethren grouped around, while the affrighted peasants flocking in fill all the vacant space.

Then soon appeared the strangers headed by their chief, a stately man; unlike their usual custom, in perfect order they approached, and at the door they halt. The prior then addressed them :—

"O men of war, why come ye hither? the Almighty hath saved you from the deep, therefore praise His holy name, and remain in peace until a bark is built that shall replace the tempest-stricken one in which ye came, nor by fresh violence and crime tempt Him who saved ye from the storm, to bring destruction on your heads: be grateful for your lives, nor harm the inhabitants, who willingly offer to thee food and shelter."

"Priest," said the leader, and he doffed his helm; "thou dost mistake us, we are not here to plunder, but to rest; we came not here to bring God's anger on our heads, but to appease His wrath for many a former sin, by penitence, and prayer, and praise; humbly we come, and at thy feet we kneel, imploring thee to receive into thy community us erring sinners."

Joy filled the bosoms of the listeners, and the Prior replied,—

"My sons, thy sins, though many and though great, may all be cleansed and washed away by true repentance and by humble prayer; rise from thy knees, we welcome thee gladly, and the lost sheep shall be folded in the bosom of the church."

These warrior-monks were admitted to the order, after the necessary probation, and taught the people how to build a fortress of sufficient strength to protect them from the pirates, who might hereafter visit them; that so, at least, their persons should be safe. And thus the Vale Castle rose, and was dedicated to St. Michael, in memory of the Mount from whence the brotherhood had come.

* * * * *

Some years afterwards, Robert, sixth duke of Normandy, endowed the monastery, and improved the defences of Vale Castle; he also caused two others,—one named Ivy Castle, (between St. Sampson's and St. Peter's Port) and the other, Jerbourg, mentioned in the history,—to be built for the defence of the inhabitants.

Leaving the Vale Castle, with its modern red brick chimneys looking over its old grey walls in temporary triumph,—for assuredly the old building will yet outlive the modern part,—we turn down the hill, and throw the smooth round pebbles skimming along the surface of Bourdeaux Bay. We are then led into a main road, but soon desert it for a path diverging to the right, past a small quarry, and so gain the higher ground; we are here struck with the singular appearance given to the soil, by the numerous rocks which rise above it, and would lead one to

suppose this portion of the isle was sterile, but such is not the case, for everywhere the crops appeared good and flourishing. I may, however, remark here, on the great damage done last year (1855) to the green crops, by hosts of caterpillars, that marched along destroying where they came, and thus whole fields perished.

Our path, enclosed by low stone walls, conducts us through small fields, where everywhere the labourers at work converse in the pure Norman tongue. We reach the hill above Fort Doyle, and, pausing, survey the now unlimited expanse of ocean, (for Alderney is scarce perceptible in the far distance) and the other Islands are left behind. All round this corner of Guernsey run intersecting walks, and just inland are queer old trees, whose branching arms stretch out to shelter from the sun, or else protect from the fierce blast which winter brings even to these much-favoured isles.

A little farther, and a wide open common, stretching all across this northern promontory, is gained; its aspect is most beautiful, for in broad patches stand the still growing bright green ferns, and in strong contrast lie the gorgeous-tinted plants which have been cut, and dying, are warmed into a richer glory by the autumnal sun: the strongly undulating ground is studded with grey rocks, whose various shapes cast curious shadows down upon the ground; and through this beauteous scene are winding the little island waggons, collecting the cut ferns for winter litter for their cattle, while beyond all, the deep blue sea is rolling its long blue waves without cessation on the shore; and freshly blows

the breeze, and plays among the vine-leaves, which even in this exposed situation are clustering on a cottage near at hand. It is scenes like these that make men painters; for, standing here upon a point of rock, at least three separate sketches are before me, and within the limits of one walk, work for an artist for a year. Sketching from nature should form part of the education of every child, for even if not carried out in after years, it gives to the mind a clearer perception of the beauties of creation; the more we study nature, the more we are repaid, and things we formerly passed by unheeding, now being brought more to our notice, become sources of pleasure, and raise within us pure and holy feelings,—feelings of thankfulness and love to Him, who has placed us in so beautiful a world.

Upon the coast are many towers for its protection and a large fort, called le Marchant, beyond which l'Ancresse Bay extends. Here landed Robert Duke of Normandy when the fleet which he had raised to assist Edward the Confessor had been scattered by a storm, and hence the name of l'Ancresse (or anchorage), which the bay still bears. The rocks which stud the common bear strong resemblance to ruins of old castles.

Farther inland are seen some Druid stones, remains of the foul altars, which formerly ran blood; and, close to Havre Grande, the spire of the Vale church is seen pointing the way from earth to heaven, and reminding us at what a happy period of the world we have been called upon to pass our mild probation.

It is on l'Ancresse Common that the Guernseymen hold

their races, which take place in June; the Queen presents a cup, for which only horses bred in the island are permitted to run; the breed has been much improved of late years, and the small sturdy horses are well calculated to perform the work their masters find them.

Homeward now along the straight road which leads into the sea-side one, by which we came, near the old ruined Ivy Castle.

As I pass down the road the glowing foliage becomes yet brighter with the setting sun, while the cool mists are wreathing round the stems, and an old peasant, with natural grace, takes off his hat and wishes me "bon soir."

MARKET WOMEN, GUERNSEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SOUTHERN COAST.

HAVING taken a good survey of the northern part of Guernsey, and a general look at the greater part of the north-western coast, and gone through the interior of the

island, we must now explore the southern and south-western coasts, peeping into the bays beneath the high land that surrounds them.

We will therefore leave the town by a road that runs straight up hill from the old church. We come out upon the barracks, and, passing by these, the first turn to the left leads down to Fermain Bay; and a pretty little bay it is, although, in the particular of bays, Guernsey cannot compare to Jersey; however, she has beauties of her own, and will very amply repay the tourist's visit to her, still it is better to mention this one inferiority, as should a visitor see Jersey first he may perhaps be disappointed.

From Fermain Bay we climb again the steep, and scramble on, keeping as near the coast as possible, until we come to the high tower, or rather column, to Sir John Doyle; its appearance is very elegant, a round shaft, ninety-six feet in height, springs from a very elevated situation; at the top is a square gallery, and from it the view is magnificent. Continuing coastwards we have, round Moulin Huet to Saint's Bay, a walk of surpassing beauty: it is a repetition of what I have so often had to describe before, the profusion of nature poured upon earth's lap, sounds of sweetness blending with the beauty of eye-delighting colours and the scent of the wild flowers; while, in grand harmonious concert with the whole, the glorious sea, the ever-tuneful organ of the world, rolls in, and, with the chorus of the winds, completes the entrancement of the senses.

All round the coast the scenery constantly varies; now

we have the deep ravine lined thick with foliage, and then the bare upland, each with its own beauty. To the dweller in the city, perhaps the freedom of the upland will be the pleasanter; while to those who know more of the open face of nature, the tree'd recess will bring the greater charm; but both will join in admiration as we descend to Petit Bôt. This is the most charming spot in Guernsey, it seems so peaceful, so retired. Our companion down the descent is a little brook, gurgling and gushing on through flowers and over stones. If the ocean is like the organ in the world's great orchestra, is not the brook as the sweet flute, whose notes melodious sink into the heart of all?

Lingering on here, our day-dreams come upon us, and sweet thoughts (raised by the beauties round) rise within our minds, until at length a gentle slumber seals our eyes; and, as we lie with music in our ears, and peace within our hearts, forms born of music and of happiness approach the spot. "And are there really, truly fairies,—the little people of whom so often we have heard?" I said within myself. "Of course there are," answered one little being, whose height, scarce greater than a violet, was yet of so exquisite a form that I at once felt that I loved her; then remembering she was a fairy, I a man, I glanced at myself, and, lo! I too had become of fairy's size. All this passed in an instant, and she had taken me by the hand, and was leading me over the smooth beach, ere I found words to speak to her; when I did, and asked whence she came, and who she was, she said,—

"I am the fairy May, so called because that month

is intrusted to my especial care, and I am come to show you some of the beauties of our island."

Then in a little car we mounted, and the butterflies spread their wide wings, and carried us gently on, sailing through the air; and May and I sat hand in hand: and ever as we came to a spot of greater beauty than the common, at her command we stopped, and then she showed me the fairy rings or stones round which they danced, and by the brooks the mossy beds on which they slept; and I thought how sweet 't would be thus to pass on to eternity; but she reproved my thoughts (for with *her* thoughts were words, and she could hear them); and when we halted at the Menhir Stone,* she dismissed the car and sat her down, I at her feet, and then, more beautiful than ever, and her aspect graver, she turned to me and said,—

"Mortal, I sought you as you lay sleeping at Petit Bôt, not for an idle purpose, not merely to show you that there are fairies (which you seemed to doubt), but to teach you, who, I trust, are not altogether warped by the frivolities of life, that indolence and ease, which just now you fancied would be so pleasant to pass your life in, would be its bitterest curse. True happiness consists not in self-enjoyment, but in doing good to others, in assuaging grief and wiping away the tears of sorrow; and also, mortal, I wish you to relate to your fellow-men this truth:—The earth, the sea, the air, the universe, alike are filled by beings who watch over and protect man from his enemy the Devil; and be

* The Menhir Stone is a large block of granite at St. Peter's in the Wood, and held to be the especial resort of fairies.

assured that these good spirits, one and all, are ready to assist, and comfort, and uphold, those who themselves are willing to strive against their own bad passions."

While she had been speaking the gentle fairy's form became more and more lovely, and, when she ceased, so radiant beamed her eyes my own were blinded, closing them, a sound of music through my senses stole again, and lulled them once more to sleep.

When I awoke I had regained my own proper form, and was again at Petit Bôt.

* * * * *

Reluctantly arising, and still blinded by my dream, I passed on into the Creux Mahie, where those curious can explore a cavern said to be well worth a visit. It contains a great hall, two hundred feet by fifty, and rising to a considerable height; when lighted by torches the scene is very grand, and the human voice sounds like a trumpet in this deep chamber.

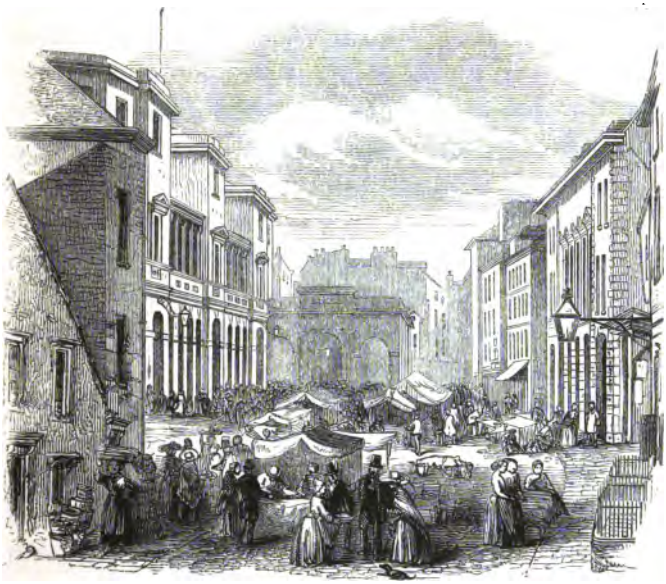
At the extremity of the land is Pleinmont Point, and from here, jutting out to a distance of two miles, a headland, but the sea has rent away the lower part of the western promontory, and only the heads of the old rocks are visible. They are called the Hanois Rocks, and are very dangerous; ships have been cast away on them, but to us, standing safely on the shore to-day, they present a scene of delicious beauty.

The heat of the day is over, and the sun sinks down; a long low line of yellow deepening into red is hanging over the distant sea, the fishing-boat's brown sail is flapping

on the mast, the tranquil water is reflecting the gold-browed rocks, the murmur of the waves as gently they flow into the caverns underneath is heard, and the sea-gull sails below us, and dips into what seems to be her natural element: he who cannot *feel* a scene like this deserves our pity.

Not far from here is St. Saviour's Church, and near to it an inn called Alexander's Hotel; it is celebrated for pancakes, and other things sufficient for those who have earned appetite by air and exercise will be found there: so let us in and dine and rest ere we pursue our moonlight way back into the town.

I am supposing in these walks that the reader is an active man, endowed with strength sufficient for good exercise, but of course each day's walk as given here may be subdivided into as many as desired; and, as there is a good map of Guernsey published, there can be no difficulty in finding your way about. Trusting too, that I may have some readers of the sex which gladdens life, and makes us happy homes, I will not weary them by taking them too far to-day; so, till the next chapter comes, Adieu!



MARKET-PLACE.

CHAPTER XV.

WALK BACK TO ST. PETER'S.

St. Saviour's Church stands on an eminence, and commands a fine view, of which a richly-wooded valley and the distant sea are the chief features. This church was built in 1154, and, like most of the Guernsey churches, is interesting in its architecture, as well as placed in a favourable situation. The ceremonies of consecrating the

churches in the island seem to have been conducted with great splendour; at the consecration of the Vale Church there were present the Bishop of Coûtance, the Abbot of St. Michael's, the Abbess of Caen, and many other noble personages; at Câtel there was present "a very great assemblage of honourable people, and much gold and silver was given as offerings to the Church;" while at St. Martin's there were no less than eighty-four feudal lords, and the Governors of Southampton, Totness, Rennes, Honfleur, and Caen, present, who all gave largely to endow the church.

There is a legend attached to the church of Torteval, at least to the old church that formerly stood on the same site. It runs thus:—

"Philip de Carteret, a native of Jersey, being at sea in his own ship, a storm arose which caused much terror to all on board. The distracted sailors ran hither and thither, not knowing what to do. Then de Carteret, finding his case desperate, knelt and vowed unto his Saint that he would build a church at whatever place he might come safely to the land. The wind abated, and the ship entered the harbour of Rocquaine. The mariner redeemed his vow by placing a fair church upon this rocky coast, and prayers were made within this holy building that the coast should be no longer dangerous to sailors."

Also to Câtel Church a legend belongs, for there was found a painting of three figures on horseback, apparently of knights, with hawks upon their wrists, and before them stand three skeletons underneath a tree; there is also extant

at Coûtance in Normandy an old tradition of three wicked brothers, to whom a skeleton appeared, and warned them of their approaching death. Now Guernsey was included in the see of Coûtance, therefore the picture and the tale probably relate to the same event, which may be thus rendered:—

The Three Brothers.

There lived in former days, when war (generally unjust), and robbery, and hunting, formed the chief, and indeed nearly the only, occupations of the higher orders, three brothers; they lived together in a strong square tower, not far from Coûtance in Normandy.

These brothers had attained the infamous celebrity of fearing neither God nor man; there was no crime they did not commit, day after day they robbed and ill-used all travellers that came within their reach; and of their vassals, who should have been especially protected by them, they ravished the women and oppressed the men; they publicly declared they feared not God, and always hunted on the most holy days to show their contempt for the ordinances of His Church.

For years they had continued to lead this life, but now the measure of their guilt was filled, though little did they know their last day's hunt was come, as they rode forth on Easter Sunday to pursue their sport.

The sun had climbed up to the zenith, and most successful was the issue of their unholy hunt: they stood, sur-

rounded by their attendants, underneath a spreading oak, the game laid at their feet, when, to crown their sport, they discovered stealing through the trees three figures clothed like merchants; with wild shouts they spurred their horses forward and gave chase.

But the three eluded them, and passed on swiftly and in silence through the trees. The brothers swore loudly if they did not stop they should be flayed alive, till skin and flesh alike should quit their bones . . . . but still the three answered not, but glided noiselessly on . . . . and thus, until the setting of the sun, the brothers ever drawing near, shouting and spurring their jaded steeds, and ever the three without sound or effort elude their grasp, and on their thick cloaks have fallen harmlessly the shafts the brothers aimed.

At length the sun sinks,—then sudden stop the three, and turning round, their cloaks are backwards flung,—and, (horror of horrors!) three skeletons with living eyes stretch forth their bony arms at the three brothers, whose horses, quivering in every limb, have stopped; then spake the first skeleton . . . . "Robbers of men, pillagers of the defenceless, before another Easter day ye shall lie in the cold grave!" . . . . Then quoth the second, ... "Ravishers of women, and oppressors of the poor, like us ye shall become before death claims you, piecemeal your flesh shall rot from off your bones!" . . . And the third skeleton, in slow measured tones, gave forth the final awful sentence, ... "Deniers of God's power, in the fierce flames of Hell perish eternally!"

The skeletons are gone, and the brothers are borne back to their own castle-gate by their affrighted steeds; already is the curse upon them, a dread disease seizes on their flesh, and ere many months elapse,—already skeletons before death, —they die, and are laid in a tomb within a vault, over which a new chapel was erected; built and endowed by the three brothers, in expiation of the crimes that led to their fearful punishment.

May they have sincerely repented of their sins, and so avoid the last dread sentence.

* * * * *

Before we leave St. Saviour's parish we must notice the elevation near the church, called La Hogue Fouque; from here an extensive view is gained, and it was on this point that in former times the beacon was lighted, to give notice of pirates or other enemies who might approach the island; these fires were instantly repeated at various points, and so the island was soon called to arms.

I regret to say that fires were lighted also in Guernsey for less innocent purposes than to give warning of the approach of enemies; for in the island, no less than nine men and women were burnt for witchcraft between the years 1598 and 1634; and even as late as 1671, three women were condemned to be hung and burnt, and their ashes dispersed to the elements, because they were supposed to be witches; and to make the proof clearer, they were put to the torture, and made to confess anything their torturers chose. In the earlier part of the same century many were burnt alive, both men and women; and until quite recently,

and probably even now, the existence of witchcraft is believed in.

While wandering along the roads of this end of the island, I was much amused by some little boys just coming out of school, to whom the sight of my moustache seemed strange; first they stopped and stared at me, then they ran on and whispered together, but soon turning, they stopped again, and looked wonderingly at me; I wondered too, until at last one bolder than the rest smoothed with his hand his upper lip, and the others, gaining courage, followed his example, apparently regarding me as a wild animal, which supposition I determined to favour; so with a wild howl and fierce face I sprang with one bound into the middle of the group, and yelled after them as they scoured away, with hardly a look behind. I suppose this now fashionable appendage to the upper lip is not yet *come in* in Guernsey.

The road back to St. Peter's Port from St. Saviour's may be varied in many different ways, but that by St. Andrew's Church is the nearest; the church is in a valley about two miles from the town, the situation is pretty and the churchyard charming. Between here and Câtel is a spot, celebrated in the insular records as the place where Gaultier de La Salle, a bailiff of the island in the thirteenth century, took his last supper on his way to execution, his punishment for endeavouring to obtain the same sentence on a man named Massey, by the Court over which he presided; for this purpose he suborned witnesses, who accused Massey of theft, but just as the Court were about to sentence him, he was saved, by the articles alleged to have been stolen

being found and produced; in his confusion Gaultier criminated himself, and had to take his intended victim's place.

Going on from here towards the Fort, there is a pretty valley; I do not know whether it has any particular name, but it deserves one; the ground covered with trees suddenly falls away, leaving the grey rock, and the greenest of green meadows lies at their base, and up the rock climb creepers, and down it hang wild briars: the road passes through, and soon we are on high land, the town and sea before us. Then going down the ill-paved streets, which more than slope, for often steps are placed, the descent being too rapid to be accomplished on ordinary roads, we come out upon the open space before the markets; the meat-market joins the fish one, and, though not very commodious, is well supplied with every sort of meat, about the same price as in Jersey, perhaps a trifle dearer, but not much.

In the open space is held the market for vegetables and fruit; and such a scene it is on Saturdays, the curious costumes and the chattering tongues, while sabots clump along the pavement; and through this tumult, like jewels in the clay, sweet faces wind, shaded by the brown straw hats, so picturesque and justly favoured by the ladies; it is quite delightful to see anything useful on people's heads, instead of the abominable black hat, or the still more absurd, though not so ugly bonnet.

While speaking of the Guernsey beauties, I must mention my surprise as, standing at the door of my hotel on Glatney Esplanade, on Sunday evening, suddenly there came

flocking past, by twos and threes, young women and young men.

I looked on, wondering where all were going; and still they came, on, and on, and on, the pretty mouths smiling, and the merry voices laughing, as they exchanged salutations; for an hour, at least, they crowded past. On my inquiring, I found it was merely the usual custom after evening church to take a turn or two on this their only level spot; but to me it seemed as if the whole island must be there, the number was so great. I never saw so many pretty faces in so short a space of time; so there is an inducement to visit Guernsey.

A LADY IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

SARK.

CHAPTER XVI.

PASSAGE TO SARK, AND ARRIVAL THERE.

FROM Guernsey to Sark is a distance of about six miles; but as the little harbour lies on the far side of Sark, this distance is increased to nearly a nine miles' sail. The best way of going from Guernsey is by one of the Sark boats, which in summer ply between the Islands every day; the navigation would be dangerous, if undertaken by inexperienced boatmen.

Embarking, therefore, in a Sark cutter, away we go

HERM AND JEDTHOU.

before the wind, and passing Castle Cornet, St. Peter's Port is left behind; we soon come opposite to Herm and Jedthou, the latter, which is the smaller, being nearest to us. Two other rocks complete the group.

Jedthou is little more than a rock, and only accessible on one side; it is inhabited principally by rabbits, there being but one house upon it: it has lately been purchased by Government for a stone-quarry. In ancient times this island was used as a watch-tower, to guard Guernsey from the sudden attacks of enemies; and here were lit fires as signals to their friends in Normandy. From this circumstance its name, of Grande Hogue, is said to be derived; this name is now corrupted into Jedthou.

Herm is much larger, and well cultivated. It also possesses fine quarries of granite; but its principal attraction to tourists is a large low beach, which, being covered with small shells, affords much amusement to the juvenile travellers, and forms a pleasant excursion from either Sark or Guernsey.

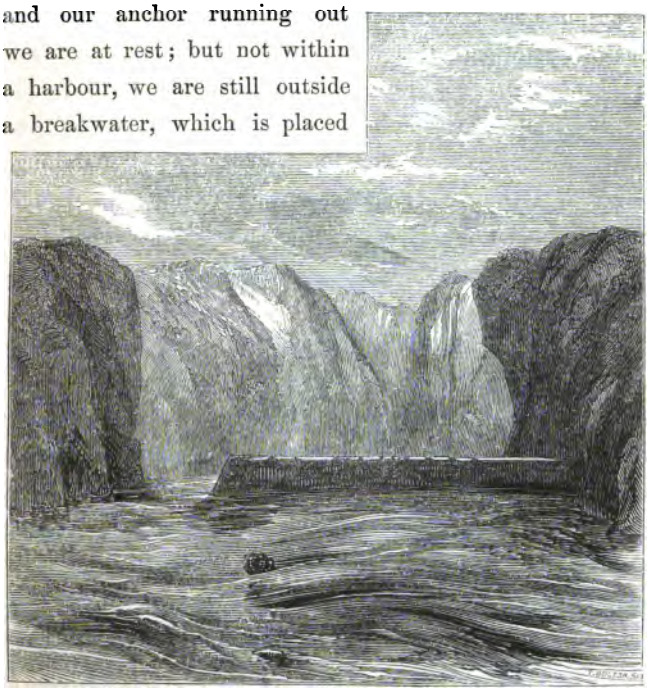
Merrily we dash along past this group of Islands, our little boat lying over on one side and tossing up the spray; how much pleasanter this is than the straining and quivering of a steamer, the motion seems so natural, it is just like cantering on a well-trained horse, and literally we ride from wave to wave.

As we approach Sark, our eyes become acquainted with the varied colours, the quaint forms, and the grand beauty of the rocks, on which she sits high raised above the sea; the acquaintance thus made is never lost again, for go where

we will, for ever clinging to our memory will be the recollection of these time-worn cliffs.

We round the point of Little Sark, and, passing between the heads of fierce black rocks that rise threatening from the water, we are more and more delighted with the glorious tints that are reflected from the cliffs down into the deep blue sea. Arched caves and broken masses of huge rocks innumerable, line the high-water mark.

Suddenly we round to, our sail flaps against the mast, and our anchor running out we are at rest; but not within a harbour, we are still outside a breakwater, which is placed



across the mouth of the tiniest harbour in all Europe. The

cutter's boat is soon sculled inside the breakwater, through a narrow entrance at the near end, and then are we indeed amazed at such a landing-place; all round the hills precipitously rise, leaving only a little shelf of pebbly beach, on which, dragged up, are lying the boats and gear of the Sark fishermen.

The rocks around are, perhaps, one hundred and fifty feet in height, and inaccessible; we are put out upon the beach, (about a dozen feet in width,) and there we find the mouth of a cave, which has been made into a tunnel through the rock; through this we walk, and easily ascend up into the country.

Before we leave the beach, however, we are called upon to pay for our passage over. "How much?" "A shilling, Sir!" was the reply; and this was literally all, although there were but four passengers when we went over. Our landlady afterwards informed us, that the Seigneur would not allow them to charge more.

Another thing that struck us was, our boxes were put out upon the beach, and having arrived early in the day no cart was there to fetch them, and not even a porter to take charge of them; seeing us embarrassed, the boatman called out, "Oh, just leave them there, you can send down for them; they are all right there." The feeling, thus raised, that we were in a place where we could leave our goods without danger by the way-side, was very pleasant; and we pursued our way up to the inn, with hearts yearning to this unsophisticated spot.

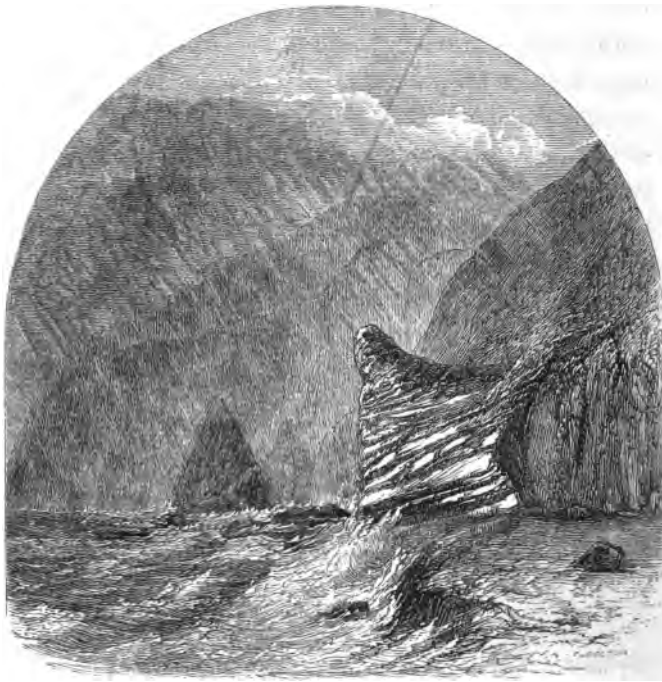
From the inner end of the tunnel a valley, with con-

tinued ascent, leads up to the level of the island; for Sark is a table-land, breaking here and there into deep clefts or valleys, which generally descend to the sea-shore.

A walk of about a mile brings us to the most beautiful of these clefts, on the farther side of which the inn is situated. A path over the fields has brought us here, and we look down with pleasure and delight upon "the happy valley;" a stream is in the midst, and flowering shrubs are on the sides of the green hills, while quite beneath us rise the heads of trees which, green and motionless, fill all the valley. From the inn the dinner-suggesting smoke is rising; and as we cross the stepping-stones, which bear us dry-shod over the little brook, the voice of our hostess welcomes us, and she conducts us to her house.

It is a well-built house of stone, with comfortable and airy rooms, and never spent we happier hours than here and in this enchanting island, Sark.

The inn is nearly in the centre of the island, i. e. reckoning Sark and Little Sark as one. The landlady is most civil and obliging, her chief care seems to be, to render all comfortable; she is a good cook, and the poultry of Sark are better fed and finer than in the other islands. Fish is plentiful, but meat and other necessaries have all to be brought over from St. Peter's Port; however, as we have already mentioned, the boats in summer are crossing nearly every day, and we can answer for it no want of creature-comforts will be found at Mrs. Hazlehurst's.



DIXCART BAY.

CHAPTER XVII.

FIRST HOURS IN THE ISLAND.

It was my good fortune, when going to Sark, to cross over with a gentleman who was going there to sketch the scenery; having myself the same intention, it added much

to my pleasure (and I trust to his) to meet a congenial spirit. Our first evening was passed together in settling plans for a thorough exploration of the island's beauties; some of the rambles that we thus took, generally together, will form the matter of this and the following chapters.

Rising at dawn of day, a five minutes' walk sufficed to bring us down to Dixcart Bay. Upon our left rose a sheer precipice of grey rock in deep shadow, before us was the sand and sea, glittering with the light of the newly-risen sun; upon our right appeared a natural arch, through which a glimpse of blue water smiled; beyond this arch, stretching away into the distance, lay the nearer rocks, then Little Sark.

VIEW IN DIXCART BAY.

But how shall I describe the colours of these rocks bathed in the full light of the sunrise, pure gold, and golden green; purple, and blue, and orange; red, and yellow, and grey-black, all mingled; dazzling the eyes with radiance, and yet all harmonised, no colour was too predominant: and the glorious colour was spread upon form as fair. The glittering sea, the rocks upon the sands, the sands and cliffs themselves, were alike beautiful; above all, shone through the clear grey sky the brightness of God's love.

The streamlet that runs near to the inn here falls, with a gentle plash, through green grass and mosses into a little pool, worn by its constant fall into the sand.

After a delightful bathe we turned again up the deep valley to the inn; and after breakfast, it being Sunday, went to church.

The church is a small unpretending building, built by the late Seigneur, Le Pelley, whose family held the island for several generations; it is quite large enough, however, for its congregation, the service is in French, English being but little understood and rarely spoken by the Sarkois.

There is also a Wesleyan Chapel in the island, and near the church are schools. The present Seigneur, Mr. Collins, is doing a good deal to the grounds about the church, planting flowers and ornamenting them in various ways.

We were struck by the sombre dress of the people, nearly all the women were in black, or, at any rate, had black bonnets, and very quiet-coloured dresses; all seemed tidy and respectable, and there is no such thing as poverty in Sark.

Outside the church there is a small building which we set down as having been a chapel, but it turned out to be the prison, but never used, as there are no malefactors.

Altogether the inhabitants of this island seem to lead a very enviable sort of life: they have plenty of fish for the trouble of catching them, manure for their land for the trouble of collecting it, and fuel for their fires for the trouble of drying it; the two latter are of course gained from the vraic.

The island is divided into forty farms, three of which, we were told, are held by the Seigneur, the remainder belong to different individuals, and these persons form a court, presided over by the Seigneur, who can veto the proceedings; in fact, the Seigneur appears to be almost a King, although his island is in some measure subject to Guernsey. It is in the diocese of Winchester, and its population about seven hundred.

One of the peculiarities of Sark is, that there is no collection of houses in it large enough to be called a village, the residences being scattered about here and there throughout the island, which is about three miles and a half in length, and varies in breadth from *six feet* (at the Coupée) to a mile and a half.

Most of the farms are small, but the land is very productive, and the farmers in general are an exceedingly thrifty race, so that the land and fishery combined more than supplies their wants, and they annually export to Guernsey.

There was not, we were told, a single public-house in

the island; at any rate there was no such thing as spirits to be obtained when our landlady happened to be without, and she never sold any to the countrymen except in cases of sickness.

The law here is different to that in the other islands with regard to the descent of property: here it is handed down intact to the eldest son, while in Jersey and Guernsey it is divided among all, or a money compensation given; owing to this arrangement in Sark, the younger children go out to service, or else seek their fortunes on the sea, or elsewhere, instead of vegetating in half idleness on their native soil.

We will close this chapter by a slight sketch of the history of Sark.

It is evident that Sark, as well as the two larger islands, was at one time either held by the Romans or had communication with them, as many Roman coins have been found there; it is also evident that the island was inhabited from an early period, as many Druidical remains have been discovered; but beyond these facts little or nothing is known of Sark till the sixth century.

At that period a monastery was founded in Sark by St. Magloire, the same who raised the cross in Jersey; afterwards, in connexion with the larger islands, it passed into the hands of the Normans, and through them they became, in King John's time, finally attached to the English crown.

The monks, we may well imagine, were the rulers in both spiritual and temporal affairs, as long as they remained,

but, for some unknown reason, in the fourteenth century, the monastery was deserted, and the island then became the resort of pirates, who so seriously injured the trade of the adjoining coasts that a fleet was sent against them by the English, and they were extirpated.

Some years later the French seized the island by surprise, and held it for some time, to the great annoyance of their neighbours; but at last it was re-taken for the English Crown by some Flemings, subjects of Philip of Spain, Queen Mary's husband. In order to re-take this natural fortress, the Flemings were obliged to have recourse to stratagem; so, arriving in a small vessel with nearly all the crew below deck, they anchored off the port, and requested leave to land a small unarmed party, who might bury in consecrated ground one of their number who had died on board; to this request the French garrison acceded, on condition that, when the boat's crew had landed with the corpse, they might send a boat full of soldiers to keep the vessel as a hostage, for their return from the interior of the island. These terms being agreed upon, the crew landed with a coffin, and were permitted, after being searched, to proceed into the island; arriving at the chapel they opened the coffin, and armed themselves from the weapons contained in its interior: then setting on the garrison, whose numbers were reduced by the soldiers they had sent on board the vessel, and who had been seized and overpowered by the Flemings therein concealed, the island was regained for Queen Mary,—who, however, never even thanked the gallant Flemings for their subtlety and bravery.

Soon after this the island seems to have been deserted altogether; till, when in 1565, Queen Elizabeth gave it to Hillery de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen's, Jersey, by whom it was colonised afresh.

For this purpose, the Seigneur himself, accompanied by his wife, came over to Sark, and there personally superintended the operations for some time; causing implements, grain, and cattle, to be brought from Jersey. When things became tolerably settled, the Seigneur and his lady returned to their own abode, leaving behind them a clergyman to look after the new settlers; from that time the island has continued to flourish, and become more and more cultivated.

There is an island militia, of which the Seigneur is Colonel; and they are said to be excellent marksmen, having good practice at the rabbits.

THE COUPÉE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LITTLE SARK.

THE principal lion of Sark is the natural bridge that joins it to Little Sark, this is called "the Coupée." It was a thick mist the day when we first visited it, and on arriving

at the near side nothing was visible but drifting masses of rain cloud; waiting a short time the air grew lighter, and we saw this extraordinary scene, as we have endeavoured to delineate it at the head of this chapter. The bridge, or Coupée, is about four hundred and fifty feet in length, and the roadway varies from five to eight feet in breadth; it rises to a height of three hundred and eighty-four feet above the level of the sea at high water. On the Jersey side it is very nearly perpendicular from summit to base, and a stone dropped from the hand will fall into the sea; on the Guernsey side it is possible to descend, but requires a steady foot and a clear head.

We were never more awed by any scene than this, the air was just clear enough to allow us to discern the fearful path, but below us the sea roared invisible, and the really great depth was magnified by imagination. Going forward to the first of the two giant buttresses, that at nearly equal intervals support this work of nature, the effect became even more sublime; there is no parapet of any sort, and as we stood with the waves roaring far beneath, and the thick mists rolling round us, wonder and awe arose within our minds, and we seemed to be spirits of the elements in their own abode rather than mere mortals who had wandered for a brief space into air.

Then the sun sent a ray through the sweeping mists, and his warmth partially dispersed them; gradually, point by point, appeared the rocks around us and below; and then reaching our bodies over the path's edge we saw the white foam gleaming and marked the awful precipice; the mists

again gathering strength, advanced, and conquering the sun again embraced the earth, and all was once more chaos.

We groped our way back to the near side, which having reached, we felt as the Mahometans perhaps will feel after their skate across Al Sirat's arch.

The roadway now existing across the Coupée has only been made of late years, formerly it was a mere path, and the elevation was greater, but a portion of the ridge falling in 1811 the present road was formed, the path previously existing was little more than *two feet* wide.

Inglis, in his book, relates that there was once living in Little Sark an individual who was fond of passing convivial evenings with his friends in the larger division of the island; the sittings were usually prolonged, and his legs in consequence becoming shaky (perhaps cramped by the sitting posture), he deemed it advisable before crossing so narrow a bridge to experimentalise as to his capacity for walking straight. Fortunately for his purpose there was lying on the near side an old cannon (some insane Governor had brought there to defend nothing from no one), if his legs would satisfactorily keep his body perpendicular while walking backwards and forwards on this, he ventured across; if not he lay down and slept, and then essayed again until the trial was successful; this individual lived to a good old age, and afforded for many years a living monument of prudence to the youth of Sark.

Little Sark is now well cultivated and produces most excellent crops; there seems, however, to be a want of stock, there being few sheep and not many cows feeding on the

rough common land that borders the cliffs, and affords good pasturage.

Some few years ago there was a company formed to work mines discovered in Little Sark by a Mr. Hunt; miners were brought over from Cornwall, and considerable hopes were entertained that the working would be very profitable; copper, lead, and silver, were found; and the late Seigneur, whose family after being kings of Sark for many years had owing to different causes become somewhat impoverished, was in expectation of re-establishing his fortunes.

The shafts were sunk, and the workmen toiled on and on, and constantly the captain reported that they were close upon a vein of silver; the Seigneur delighted was ever expecting the succeeding day to bring news of the actual finding of the vein; but the days crept on, and they were ever near, but never reached the precious metal; small quantities, indeed, were discovered, but not enough to pay for the working; and at length the project was abandoned, and all concerned, including the Seigneur, ruined. The Seigneur now is dead, and his children are gone forth from the home of their fathers, which has passed into the hands of another family.

The coast is very rugged near the mines, and at a place called Port Frey, where there is a little pier formerly used by the miners. The scenery is very grand; the ruins of the houses built for the miners are around, and give a peculiar character to the place. We were there one day in very stormy weather, and having sheltered myself from the wind by getting under the lee of the little pier, I sketched the

scene here given. Having finished, I climbed back on to the pier and walked a few yards inland, then turning round to survey the scene, to my horror I perceived that the waves were breaking over the windward side of the pier, and the water was pouring over the other side, just where I had been sitting; I had only just left in time—the tide comes in so quickly.

We were afterwards told that from this very spot a

PORT FREY.

miner had been washed into the raging element below, while looking at its fury; his body was not found for many days.

Little Sark contains many points of interest; the rocks at its extremity attain a height of four hundred feet, and form splendid studies for the artist.

We may now take leave of this portion of the island, and conclude the chapter with the following

Legend of the Coupée.

Long centuries ago Sark rose from the waters, then as now an island, but uncultivated, uninhabited, and unknown; from the waters it rose up exceeding fair.

One day the birds and flowers, which sang and clustered there, sending their sweet offerings of perfume and of praise up to the "Most High," beheld for the first time man.

By night he had arrived; and when the morning light kissed away the drops that hung upon the flowers, the man was there.

Dark was his countenance, and dark had been his mind as was the night from whence his form had sprung; but to the night succeeding a dawn had broken on his soul, a sun had risen in his breast which now was battling with the gloom that had fettered and oppressed his mind; and here the man had come to pray for strength to conquer all his inward foes, and here in solitude he tarried with the birds and flowers.

Years passed away, and the hermit lived still upon the island; his only food was herbs, his only drink the spring; but he had found companions, for he had learnt to know

and love the birds which so sweetly sang to him, and the flowers that ever sprang before him in his path.

Years passed away again, and now the old man had found peace—he had found peace of mind and happiness; round his head had come a halo of pure light, and often, as he sat in the solemn evening hour, he felt upon his cheek the breath of angels' wings; and he could see before him, fresh risen from the ocean, an islet on which wandered shapes of glory, and from which came sounds of angels' voices as they sang their everlasting songs of praise to the Almighty.

Entranced by the glories of this islet, he prayed that he might be permitted to mingle with the spirits that were wandering and praising there; . . . . and thus his prayer was answered: . . . . from his side of the separating chasm sprang a path, which, raised high above the golden waters, seemed to grow.

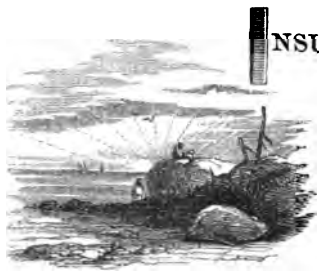
And as the morning dawned upon each night that the old man passed in prayer, the abyss that separated him from the happy islet became narrower, until at length, the bridge completed, ... he left his earthly flowers and birds, and passed on to where the heavenly choir received him, and the flowers that never fade spring round God's throne.

* * * * * *

The islet and the bridge are still remaining as a lesson to us all, that earnest prayer and innocence of life may bridge for man the road from earth to heaven.

CHAPTER XIX.

PLEASANT RAMBLES.



INSULA in Insulâ" is the motto of Sark; its appropriateness will be allowed by all. To a person seeking seclusion from the world, for purposes of quiet study or rest from the ordinary cares and troubles of the world, Sark must, indeed, be an Elysium. Here you are free to wander by the sea, or in the roads and lanes, or on the commons and the fields, just as you list. Round the island there are numberless rocks and caves, all worthy of a visit; and boats can be obtained at a most moderate rate, with experienced boatmen.

One cave in particular is well worth seeing; it is on the south side, and called the "Creux Terrible." The stratum of the roof has given way long since, and a vast mass of rock,

nearly square in shape, and about one hundred and fifty feet in depth, fallen in: seen from above, the aspect is awful. When the tide is up, we, leaning over a low grass parapet, perceive in the far depth the glistening of the waters, and the sounds made by the waves are borne upwards to our ears with hollow roar, tenfold increased by the resounding rocks.

From the edge of the "Creux Terrible" watch the moon rise. Slowly she rises over the distant sea, and as she ascends higher into the air, look over the edge of the dark abyss, and note the effect of her light upon the water in the cave: all around is black, for the pit is wider at the bottom than the top, and the brilliance of the moonlight reflected on the waves is, of course, proportionately increased.

Round the margin of "the Creux" grow bushes thickly, of which circumstance a lover once availed himself.

Legend of Le Creux Terrible.

It was a sweet evening in the early summer time—that happy time when from the rude embrace of winter the earth has gladly sprung, and clothed herself, like a young bride, in all her charms, to meet her bridegroom summer.

Why, then, does Lisette sit so sad and melancholy beside the opening of the "Creux Terrible?" Why does not her young heart expand with joy at the beauty of the spring? for, surely, the young and lovely, at any rate, must have a kindly feeling with the youth and beauty of this season of the year. But, alas! too often is the great external world, with all its brightness, shut out from us by the narrow

circle of our own little inner world of care and sorrow. In such a little world of trouble is poor Lisette now confined; and she has sought this lonely place, its solitude and gloom being in unison with her feelings.

Twilight is stealing through the air and over the earth; like a healing balsam, its holy stillness is pervading poor Lisette's breast, and as to a dear friend she entrusts to it the secrets of her sorrow.

"Oh! David, David, I cannot deceive myself; I know—I feel, I love you; yet I dare not wed you, for abroad I hear nothing but tales of your wildness and rash doings. 'Tis true you have ever been gentle and loving unto me; but should I marry you, and your conduct to me change, what should I do? Ah! me, what shall I do? for I love him dearly;" . . . . and the hot tears fell down her cheeks.

Scarcely were the last words of her soliloquy given to the air than she hears rising from the "Creux" a clear voice, which distinctly says, "Lisette, marry David, and fear not."

This sound came thrice upon her astonished ears; then, gathering courage, she looks over the green ledge, ... but nothing meets her eye save the deep gloom, and the sound of the high waters rings within her ears.

Astonished and confounded, for a moment she remains fixed to the spot; then, swiftly flying through the now expiring twilight, seeks the refuge of her guardian's house.

In Lisette's dreams again she hears the words, ... "Marry David, and fear not;" . . . . . and then she takes her resolution, and her mind is at ease.

A few short weeks, and all the neighbours are assembled to witness and assist at the wedding of David with Lisette; and she regretted not her choice, for David's after conduct caused no tears or sorrow to his happy bride. The clouds that overshadowed her little world dispersed before the warmth of true affection, and soon her short unhappiness was quite forgotten in the continued love of him who (as she thought) had been so wonderfully chosen for her.

It was not till some years after, that when together visiting the place of the mysterious voice, she told David of the circumstance; and he, in turn, showed her where he lay hid when practising on her the art of ventriloquism he had learnt abroad.

* * * * *

All round the mouth of the "Creux Terrible" stretches a common, covered occasionally with masses of furze-bushes. A few cows are grazing on it, and constantly we have their outlines sharply cut against the clear grey sky, as in Cuyp's pictures.

A short distance from the "Creux" is the "Pointe Terrible"—a noble promontory of solid rock, which juts into the sea; its elevation is near four hundred feet.

No better place than Sark can well be imagined for repairing a constitution; here may be had the freshest of fresh air, sea-bathing, beautiful downs for exercise, and inducements to take it, in the form of scenery most beautiful, and different to anything to be seen elsewhere. The whole island is unique, unlike any other place.

All round this Jersey side of the island, as indeed

nearly all round the whole, run downs; and when the furze-bushes with which these are covered are in full bloom, the effect may be imagined, but can scarcely be expressed.

Again and again, with ever new delight, we wandered along these downs, watching the beautiful colours of the sea and sky; Jersey is in the distance, and beyond it looms the coast of France.

After satiating our eyes with the beauties of the uplands, down we went into the deep valleys, and perhaps from the dark tunnel leading to the harbour, we emerged upon the busy scene which frequently is enacted here.

The fishermen are hauling up their boats, or mending them, or preparing for a start, and all is life and animation; the boats themselves are the most picturesque things we ever saw, here a bit of chain helps out a cord, and there a chain is joined, where broken, in its turn by a rope; the sails are of all colours, and the garb of the men as varied; the most usual, a pair of trousers made of many pieces, a blue woollen shirt, a parti-coloured waistcoat over the whole, surmounted by a sort of flannel nightcap: good-tempered badinage is going on amongst them, and evidently contentment and happiness is the order of the day.

The islanders are very independent of the external world, they manufacture their own boats and fishing gear, as well as their carts and implements of husbandry; and they seemed to have little curiosity respecting the events that then (1855) troubled the whole world.

It is also recorded of them, that there has never been a murder or suicide in Sark.

Inglis, in his book, expresses something like pity for the seclusion in which the Sarkois live, and after mentioning the extraordinary freedom from disease the island enjoys, says, "Query: are ten years added to one's life an equivalent for a life spent in Sark?" another person who has written a guide-book, wishes to have a row of lodging-houses, bathing-machines, &c., and to enclose the common land for the purpose of supplying the extra population, thus brought together, with corn; he suggests, in short, taking away the leading inducements to a trip to Sark, viz., the peculiar quiet and repose, and the freedom of wandering where you list; and then expects the public to flock there: we think Inglis's pity, and his *improvements*, about equally ill-judged.

On this (Jersey) side of the island there is, besides the port, another little harbour, called the Eperquerie, used by the fishermen; from it a most rugged path leads to the summit of the hills, which appear a mass of flowering shrubs.

One day in our wanderings we had reached this point, when suddenly the clouds, which had been threatening, came down and closed around us. Sheltering ourselves behind a little building there is there, we looked on at the storm; in the immediate foreground was a large stack of vraic of a rich purple hue; next came the broad-leaved ferns covering the near ground, with the shadow of the rain-cloud on them; at a distance of a hundred yards, the sun was shining through the rain upon the golden gorse and bright green ferns; beyond, the rain was falling thick

and driving over the grey rocks, the leaden sea seemed smoking, and was wrapped in deepest gloom save where one gleam of pure green light was falling,—the olive-branch of the returning sun.

The temporary shower passed by, and we proceeded on our path, towards the extreme north end of the island: the country became more bare and open, and the land narrows to a promontory of short green turf, covered with piles of rock. The only path is a sort of track leading along the summit of the ridge, from which the slope is rapid to the sea on either hand, the elevation being two or three hundred feet, or more. Here, on the left hand, is a deep cleft, a ruined cave fallen in, but unlike "the Creux Terrible;" the whole roof has fallen, so that it is open to the sea; the track passes the brink of this,—beware lest a sudden gust of wind carry you off into another world!

A little farther, and the ground slopes upwards, higher still, and there was (I imagine) the chosen site of the Druid temple; huge masses of stone are lying scattered over the whole hill: it does not require a great effort of imagination, to place these masses of rock erect, to pile up into form the stones around, to replace on its old site the altar, and beside it the loose-robed priest, the victim near, the people kneeling below on the turf; while the wide sea and open sky regard the bloody deed in solemn stillness, —mute witnesses of man's cruelty to his fellow-man.

On spots like this, too often were enacted such tragedies as occur in the following sketch of the last days of Druid power.

The Druids in Anglesea.

In the year of our Lord 61, the Roman governor of Britain determined to strike a blow at the power of the Druids, which should for the future prevent their stirring up the British chieftains to make war upon the Roman colony: for this purpose, he issued the most stringent orders against all followers of that ancient faith, and marched a large army towards the Isle of Anglesea, in order to attack and root out the very stronghold of the Druid power, for to Anglesea had retired the high-priest and principal leaders of the free British tribes.

* * * * *

All was consternation in "The Holy Island;" hourly came in tidings of the nearer approach of the Roman legions; the priests and chieftains were assembled in council in the recesses of the sacred grove; among the latter, Vortyger was the most prominent on account of his extraordinary valour, and great personal strength, and of the influence he therefore possessed over the tribes.

He had lately been dispossessed of his kingdom by the Romans, for having rebelled against them after swearing eternal fealty; and now he had come with all who still followed his fortunes, to defend the last great stronghold of the Druid faith: his daughter, Gwynthia, his sole surviving child (for his five sons had all died in battle), had accompanied him hither; and while the priests and chiefs held council, she, with many other noble maidens, was

engaged preparing the altar and the grove for the great sacrifice that was to take place at sunrise on the morrow.

Her duties completed, she had retired from her companions, and was sitting under a vast spreading oak; the rays of the departing sun shone on the golden fillet that glittered in her thick clustering hair, which fell in wavy folds adown her back; upon her arms were circlets of the same precious metal, proclaiming the rank of the wearer; but her mien was the truest guide to her condition, for in her eyes shone the pride of her kingly parentage, and her faultless form and delicately rounded limbs gave evidence of gentle nurture.

As she sat under that mighty tree, the proud expression of her face gradually softened, as gentle thoughts of love stole through her bosom. Lulled by the hour into forgetfulness of present things, her mind had wandered to that time, when, three summers back, she had first seen Claudius Pomponius, the friend of the former Roman governor, in whose time Claudius had tarried for a while at her father's court,—and they had loved.

Gwynthia sat thus, while the stars, one by one, appeared above her in the sky, as the sun's light faded from the earth; night had come on ere she was roused from her happy reverie of love, by shouts of triumph raised by British voices: at the entry of the sacred grove the shouting ceases, and closely guarded by a band of priests comes slowly on a Roman; serene and calm amidst the throng the noble Roman moves, and Gwynthia recognises Claudius! . . . . Steadfastly she gazes on him as the priests

convey him to the inmost circle, where already sit the human victims prepared for the morrow's sacrifice; Claudius is added to the number.

* * * * *

The Roman army had arrived opposite "The Holy Island," and there encamped. . . . . Within the sacred island, the British soldiers throng around huge bonfires with which the shores are lined to guard against a night attack; and groups of priestesses, clothed in black, with torches in their hands, are wandering round, exciting courage in the warrior breasts. The priests themselves are everywhere rousing the passions of the multitude, and promising eternal joys to those who on the morrow die in defence of the altars and the sacred groves; while to the backward they hold forth the terrors of their worldly wrath, and punishment after death by their souls becoming tenants of the most loathsome reptiles.

* * * * *

Whilst the night is thus passed by the Britons, their prisoner victim, Claudius, sits bound closely to the trunk of one of the sacred trees, ... the fires near have burnt low, and the distant sounds come shapeless to his ear. . . . . Thus sits the noble Roman, meditating on his approaching end—for hope has he none—when a light step falls upon the ground behind him, and a well-loved voice whispers in his ear, "I am Gwynthia, be silent and fear not." Gradually the cords that bound his arms and legs fall off, and leave his limbs free; . . . . then a soft hand takes his, and leads him on with caution through the grove, until a place

that Gwynthia deems secure is reached; here she has provided a loose robe, which covers the Roman dress.

A short walk then brings them to a little cove, where a small boat lies hid; this Claudius drags forth, and launches on the stream; then he offers his hand to Gwynthia to help her to embark, but she steps back, and thus addresses him: "Claudius, I, a British chieftain's daughter, have this night perilled my soul to release thee from a fearful death; happily I have succeeded, and thou art free, but my destiny is not with thee; I cannot leave my father and my father's gods. Go, beloved, and may thy life be happy." . . . The light of a near bonfire, now replenished, fell upon her form, as, standing on a rock, her white arms shining in the night, and her white robe floating on the breeze, she urged her lover to depart, while he irresolute implored her to accompany him. . . . . Suddenly beside her stands the high-priest; stealthily he had approached, and her first knowledge of his presence is his cold hand upon her arm. . . . . "Daughter of kings, this is no place for thee: back to the grove, and there await my coming." . . . . She instantly glides back, and Claudius, by a vigorous effort, sends the boat into the stream, and thus escapes the attendant priests, who hastily run down to seize on him. . . . "Priest," cries the Roman, "should one hair of her fair head be touched, thy fellow-priests, and thou, shall roast in the fierce fires of thy own altars." . . . . The priest vouchsafes no answer, but slowly wends his way back to the sacred grove. . . . Gwynthia awaits him. . . . . "Daughter, from the Temple's inner circle hast thou stolen the victim of the

gods; their anger must be appeased, or else the Romans conquer, and the holy altars of thy fathers are defiled by the invaders of thy country." . . . . Gwynthia replies, "Father, I am ready to expiate my crime if the gods, indeed, deem it a crime to save from death a loved one." . . . Four priests then seize on her, and bind her to the altar. . . . . Her breast laid bare, the high-priest, with the sacred knife, slowly presses downwards, and the blade enters in, and pierces through the skin and flesh deep into her heart. Without one cry the victim dies, and the high-priest watches the blood that trickles from the wound: slowly it trickles forth, and the priest augurs that the gods are not yet appeased, and orders the final preparations to be made for the great sacrifice upon the morrow.

* * * * *

Around the sacred grove the people silent kneel, rank upon rank, the chieftains in the front; . . . . slowly upon this solemn scene rises the sun . . . . (the last sun that shall ever shine upon the Druids' mighty power) . . . . the torches still borne by the priestesses pale before the brighter light.

A great altar is erected in the sight of all; one by one the victims are offered up; the attendant priests narrowly watch the death-throes. . . . . At length the high-priest proclaims the offerings ended, ... but the chieftains murmur, "Where is the noble Roman who was brought a prisoner here last night?" . . . . and the priest replies, "He has escaped." . . . . Vortyger is foremost of the angry chiefs who at this answer loudly and angrily declare dissatisfaction.

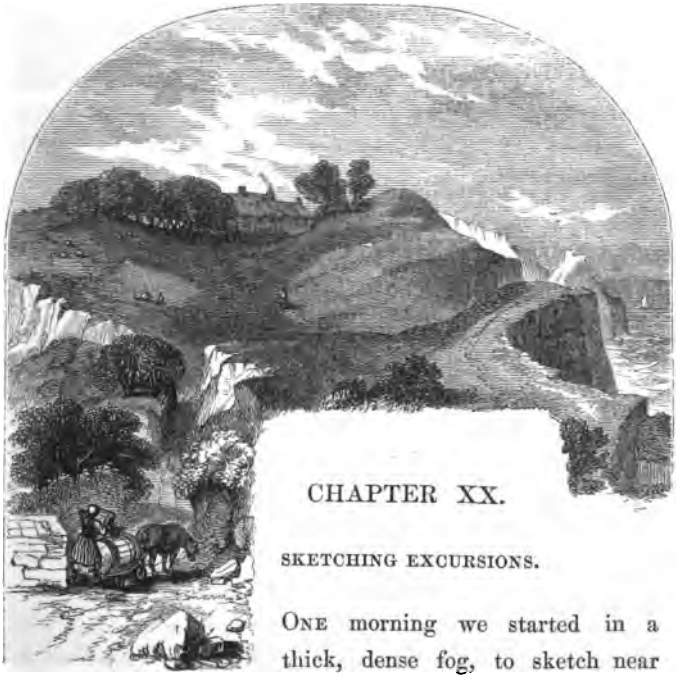
The high-priest, turning on him his look severe, rebukes

him thus: "Vortyger, on our land this day misfortune falls; the gods are wrathful at the escape of their intended victim; the sacred grove has been profaned by an impious act; a British hand has loosed the Roman from his bonds." .... Vortyger here interrupts him, and demands the name of the committer of the sacrilege, that he might take the victim's place. .... The high-priest replies coldly and calmly, "It was thy daughter, the Lady Gwynthia, and already we have endeavoured to appease the offended deities with her blood." .... Appalled, the chieftain yells, "Thou hast not dared to do this; thou hast not dared to sacrifice my only child! .... Oh, priest, unsay thy speech." .... "Son, the gods' messengers lie not," was all the stern reply. .....

Then Vortyger, turning to the still kneeling people, tears off the robe that covers his scarred breast, and thus addresses them: "Britons, I am childless and kingdomless; with me my race expires; may the gods accept as a last offering from my house my life;" and, falling on his sword, he died.

Horror and consternation seized on all; and before they had recovered from the stupor caused by the tragic death of their greatest chieftain, the Romans were upon them; they had crossed the narrow strait, and gained nearly a bloodless victory.

And Claudius kept his word. .... At their own altars fell the priests; in the fires of their own groves they died; and on that day the Druid power received a blow from which it never could recover, but soon died out, and with all its horrors passed away.



CHAPTER XX.

SKETCHING EXCURSIONS.

ONE morning we started in a thick, dense fog, to sketch near the Seigneur's house; hoping the mists would clear by the time we had arrived at our selected spot.

This was not to be the case, however, and for some hours we were compelled to keep our limbs warm by the not over-exciting pastimes of throwing stones and jumping, in various ways; at last, however, the mist did go, and then we were enabled to make our sketch, from which the above Vignette is taken.

The farm-house therein depicted is a very substantial one, and a passer-by would imagine a farmer might here manage to pass his life very comfortably; no taxes, no duties on foreign produce, and all the other advantages of a residence in Sark already enumerated; but the present owner is not contented with his lot, and is about to remove to Australia, there to seek for the contentment he cannot find in the home of his birth. This man's case is singular; as it is almost an unheard-of thing for an islander to go forth into the world to find another habitation, except in the case of that unfortunate race, younger sons.

The new Seigneur, Mr. Collins, does not seem to take the same view of the island's delights as the farmer; for he has chosen Sark for an abiding-place, and is hard at work improving and beautifying his residence and grounds. The latter bid fair to be, when completed, singularly beautiful; the more than undulating ground,—from all parts of which views varied and beautiful are seen,—is being judiciously laid out, and advantage taken of its natural peculiarities.

A wild and very rugged path leads from the house to the sea-shore, where there is a good strip of pebble beach at low water; it is called the "Port du Moulin." Several boats are here hauled up; but we should imagine fishing to be a very dangerous occupation on this coast, except in the very calmest weather, for all around are rocks, above and below the water, of all shapes and sizes. The most remarkable of these are "the Autelets," or outlying rocks, but they can only be approached at quite low water; then, from the north side of the bay, a large arch, or rather doorway

in the rock, leads immediately towards them: but even at low water the approach is most difficult, for the rocks that impede the progress have fallen in such immense masses, and are so slippery, that it is nearly impossible to surmount them.

The best way, indeed, for the tourist is, to pick out a perfectly still day, and in a boat visit these remarkable "Autelets" at high water; they will repay the trouble.

The Port du Moulin is itself one of the most attractive places in the island; from the beach are seen Guernsey, Herm, and Jedthou, and the rocks above us and around are very grand.

In the accompanying sketch one portion of the Bay is

PORT DU MOULIN.

given, but it is difficult to do anything like justice to this peculiar scene.

When making the sketch I had for companions my artist friend and two lady pupils of his; the ladies were learning to sketch from nature in colour, and I was much amused by the way in which my friend managed to encourage and give them confidence.

"Oh, Mr. W.," one lady would exclaim, "what shall I do with this horrid blotch?" Mr. W. would then look over her shoulder and say, in a delighted tone of voice, "The very thing, my dear Madam,—*excellent*,—you have blended those colours most harmoniously; a little form just on the right—there—see that jagged pinnacle—just so —capital."

Then from the other lady would be heard in sad accents, "Oh dear! I have put on a great smudge of green by mistake, and the sketch is spoilt."

"Spoilt, Mrs. G. !—on the contrary; a most successful under-tint, float into it a little lake—yes—a little more blue —there now, that bit in light—well, you have caught the effect indeed."

And by these means the pupils were kept in good spirits, and their energies so successfully brought out and kept alive, that in a very few lessons they had progressed more than pupils usually do in many months.

Returning from this excursion one of the ladies told me the following little anecdote, illustrative of the good opinion the inhabitants of Sark entertain of themselves.

A Sark man had taken to himself a wife, who was not a

Sarkoise; the match did not turn out very happy, for the lady was unthrifty and negligent in the performance of her household duties. One day a person was condoling with the man on his bad luck in the marriage lottery: "Ah!" sighed the man, "it is very true I am unfortunate, but what could I expect? — she is not a Sark woman; it is my own fault."

On getting into the lane leading to the inn, we came in sight of a charming prospect, not exactly to be classed as picturesque, but very agreeable. In the foreground was a small cart, with sundry articles just arrived from Guernsey lying on it; conspicuously upon the summit was placed a leg of mutton, and a happy conjunction of fraternising black bottles, holding wine and beer, peeped forth hard by; a little farther on was the driver, but the eyes rested not on him, but rather seized, as a "point of sight," on a small basket slung upon his arm, containing cigars, cheroots, and other little luxuries expected over. In the distance was the inn with the kitchen chimney already, in glad anticipation of the coming joint, sending forth wreaths of smoke.

The pleasant companion, the beautiful scenery, the well-earned appetite, and the health acquired, all combined to make the time thus spent in Sark pass like a happy dream.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROUGH WEATHER.

On the very day I had proposed leaving Sark a tremendous gale arose, which prevented any boat leaving the island for several days.

During these days my artist companion and myself visited all the best places for seeing the sea dashing upon the rocks. All round Little Sark the waves raged and foamed incessantly, and there was no part of the coast that did not present its own peculiar features of interest; but from the cliffs above the Gouliôt caves we had the grandest view of all; here the rocks go precipitously down into the ocean, and are broken into huge black rugged masses. At their bases, stretching out into the sea, are smaller blocks broken from above, sometimes their heads were visible, appearing like great sea-monsters. Separated by a narrow channel from the mainland is a small island, or rather large rock; seawards again, with a channel intervening, through which a ship once passed in safety (but I should think the experiment would not be attempted a second time), is the Island of Brechou.

When we arrived at this place the gale was blowing from the sea, and had been so for a day and night before, so that the sea was white with foam and, was breaking upon Brechou, which, sternly resisting them, threw back the waves again to their own bed; thus repulsed, they gathered new energy and raced on towards the rocks where we were standing, and burst upon them in one roaring mass, with a thundering sound.

Amidst the howling of the winds and the raging of the ocean, with occasionally a quickly passing storm driven across the sky, we sat upon a rock and sketched the scene as we have here endeavoured to depict it; the wind posi-

tively blew the colour back as we endeavoured to float it down the paper .... It was most exciting .... The sounds of the waters and the winds seemed giving that inspiration to be alone derived from the great artist teacher, Nature: imagination supplied the fishing-boat with torn sail and shattered mast driving to destruction.

We heard afterwards that this gale had caused much damage at St. Peter's Port, in Guernsey. Much of the working apparatus at the new piers was washed away, and at St. Sampson's the pier was split. Many wrecks also were made by this destructive storm.

The Island of Brechou, which was mentioned in the last page, is cultivated, and yields fair crops. It is also called the Isle des Marchands, for what reason does not appear, as its only connexion with merchants appears to have been that several merchant-ships have been wrecked upon it; and at one time a nest of pirates lived in a cave within the island; they traded, but their trade was blood.

There is a cave there which is supposed to have been the abode of the pirates. Great heaps of ashes were found in a sort of fireplace in this cave, so that it was evidently inhabited for some time, and probably by these pirates.

Imagine this dark cave lit up by torches; heaped in the corners lie rich spoils cast in profusion on the earth; on casks and bales are sitting, with their wine-cups in their hands, the swarthy pirates, congregated here from all quarters of the world; one, perhaps, would be requested to relate an incident of his past life for the amusement of the others, and thus the tale might run:—

The Pirate's Tale.

" Of my later life and fortunes I will not now speak, but will relate to you the incidents that first drove me to become a member of this distinguished company"—and here, with most polished manner, the narrator bowed ironically around.

" My first recollections are of a country far from this, whose moonlight was as warm as the feeble sun's is in this cold northern isle. In Sicily men's passions ripen into maturity at an early age, fostered by the genial clime.

" Near Taormina was my father's house; he was a poor nobleman; I, his younger son, was destined for the Church; my cousin Rosina, who was my father's ward, and I were brought up together. . . . . Oh! fools, to think that we were boy and girl; . . . . whilst yet children in stature and in age I loved her, and dreamt away my life beneath the heaven of her eyes. . . . Yes, I loved her, but knew not the depth of my passion until my dream of happiness was suddenly ended by my father one day saying to my elder brother, in my hearing, that Rosina would soon be marriageable, and then the sooner they were wedded the sooner her fortune would be secured to him.

" Stunned by the intelligence which I thus heard, I went forth into the country and climbed the hill up to the ancient amphitheatre, and there, sitting upon a fallen column of Grecian workmanship, my eyes took in that glorious panorama. . . . Before me rose Etna, clad in

glistening snow; below me lay the sea and shore—the former of a blue far deeper than the sky; the latter white as Etna's snow, for it was the month of February, and the almond-trees were in full bloom. Your pardon, gentlemen, for mentioning such things to you, but I forgot who my audience were, and it is in part necessary to my tale," sneered the speaker. "The magnificent serenity of nature restored my mind to calmness, and I resolved to seek an interview with my brother (whom I scarcely knew), and tell him of my love for Rosina; for I felt sure he did not value her affections, and at that time I did not know the power of, and consequent love for, gold.

"You, gentlemen, will readily guess the reception my absurd request for a beautiful heiress met with. . . . My *dear* brother told me I was a child, and was to be a priest, so what had I to do with love?

"I sought Rosina, and entreated her to marry none but me. . . . She wept bitterly, but said she must obey my father.

"From that day she was separated from me, and in the next eight months I seldom even saw her. At the expiration of that period a wedding took place, ... and on that day, at the same altar, I swore revenge, and then, with all I could lay my hands upon, decamped up to the mountains.

"Three years after I kept the oath. . . . At night I and my companions surrounded my brother's house, and set it on fire. . . . Rushing from the flames, Rosina came with her child, my nephew, in her arms. I pushed her back into the raging element; she and her child both perished

before my eyes. . . . My brother was secured as he came forth, and perhaps you think I murdered him. No; I am not a fratricide"—and the villain smiled—"I only put out his eyes, and slit the tongue that told me I was to be a priest and was a child.

"After this I fled from Sicily, for I found even my companions—the banditti—seemed to shrink from, and be afraid of me. . . . What think ye, comrades, am I not worthy to be the leader of such brave heroes as yourselves?" And here the ruffian ended.

* * * * *

Even the desperadoes there collected were for the moment awed into silence at the greater villain's narrative; but soon the wine-cup passing round, dispelled the momentary gloom, and the orgies went forward as before; and on the morrow, perchance, they re-enacted some former scene of devilish cruelty upon the sailors of a captured merchantman.

* * * * *

Thank goodness, we have none of these unpleasant gentry nowadays, with their vessels hid within the harbour of Brechou waiting to pounce out upon us defenceless passengers in search of a pleasant home for a short time in Sark. Those "good old times" must have been very disagreeable, when merchants could neither ride by land, or sail by sea, with any certainty of escape from robbers of some sort. However, the remembrance that such a set of men have been, and have passed away, may serve to render

the caves of Brechou more interesting to those exploring them.

* * * * *

Being very anxious to get back to Guernsey, on the first day that a boat left I went. Bidding good-bye to my companion and my hostess, at day-dawn I departed for the beach, and found the sailors preparing for what they considered a passage of some risk; in fact, they would not have gone at all that day, but an island lad was engaged to a vessel lying at Guernsey, which was to sail upon the following day.

Within the little harbour even the waves were swelling, and the sailors had much trouble to launch the small boat that conveyed us to the larger one, in which we were to cross.

Slowly we crept along the land towards the northern promontory; but when we there arrived, and came from under the land's lee, our undecked boat began to pitch and toss in a most unpleasant way. Our crew consisted of three lads and two grown men, and there was plenty of work for all, as we had to tack repeatedly to get off from the shore. One of these tacks brought us within a stone's throw of the very place where I had imagined the wrecked boat should be in my sketch from the Gouliôt rocks. I will freely own I wished myself back again upon the rocks, and should have much preferred sketching our boat to being inside of her, as I was making myself small, in order not to be in the way of the active boys, who jumped about like cats, while my grand difficulty was to prevent my hat being knocked overboard.

In spite of wind and wave we arrived safely in Guernsey, and I was again charged a shilling for my passage—no other passenger but the sailor lad, who, of course, paid nothing. The sailors were highly gratified at my adding something as a *pour-boire*, really not having expected anything more than their wonderfully moderate demand. We parted the best of friends.

Looking back on my trip to Sark, I never recollect having passed a few days so agreeably; the very fact of being in a measure excluded from the world, or rather left in peace, and untroubled by worldly considerations, was to me an inexpressible charm; then the great simplicity and natural politeness of the inhabitants were pleasant; and, added to these, all that could charm the imagination, in colour or in form, was there. Long will these things rest as a delight within my memory; long, too, shall I have a thankful recollection of our excellent landlady and her savoury cooking.

I have seen and enjoyed, perhaps with more than ordinary pleasure, many of the fairest scenes in Europe; but I never so thoroughly enjoyed any country, or any scenery, as I have the Channel Islands, and especially that most delightful mass of rock named Sark.

ALDERNEY.

CHAPTER XXII.

CONCLUSION.

ALDERNEY I did not visit, and, indeed, if report may be believed, there is not much worth seeing there; once, in passing from England to Jersey, we had an excellent view of it. It is apparently not wooded, and unbroken into valleys, but slopes up from the water on all sides gradually, not attaining to any great elevation at the highest point.

There are immense works being carried on there by Government, in order to form a harbour for war vessels, and fortifications to defend the harbour. These fortifications, I was told, are to be of immense strength; and the whole is, I suppose, to hold Cherbourg in check, in case we are ever

again compelled to quarrel with our gallant Allies, the French.

The following particulars about Alderney I have gathered from "Inglis's Book" and "Redstone's Guide."

Alderney contains one town, named St. Anne; it is situated in the middle of the island, and in it are gathered together nearly all the dwellings in the island. The town is small and poor, but is improving, and contains one very handsome church, that of St. Anne, a commodious court-house, schools, &c.

Alderney is governed by its own states, presided over by a President nominated by the Crown; it is included in the military government of Guernsey. The living is worth one hundred and forty pounds a-year; it is in the Deanery of Guernsey.

Formerly the natives of Alderney carried on a large contraband traffic between France and England, but that has nearly, if not wholly, ceased; and the inhabitants are driven to the more honest calling of cultivators of the soil: which latter is sterile, and in many parts sandy, growing principally crops of clover and lucerne. There are scarcely any trees in the island.

The climate is healthy, and the air pure and bracing; plenty of good water is found.

People wishing to visit Alderney must proceed first to Guernsey, and cross from there in a small steam-boat, that plies between the islands two or three times a-week; the passage takes about three hours.

We have now mentioned all the leading features in the

Channel Islands; and must prepare to take leave of our readers. But before bidding them farewell, we must not omit to record the happiest incident in the island histories, namely, the visit to them, in 1846, of our gracious Queen, Victoria. And as with lapse of time events, that now are known to us as facts, may gather round them the vagueness and halo of things past away, can we not fancy in far distant time a new narrator, telling to his eager listeners,—

The Last Legend of the Isles.

How, through the sea there came, surrounded by her stately ships, a glorious Queen,—a monarch on whose realm the sun could never set, a young and happy woman. How, here she came, neglecting not even these small spots of her so vast dominion; how, that the young and old alike, the rich, the poor, all left their homes to gaze on her; to gaze on *her*—great Queen, good wife, and loving mother.

And when her gallant vessels' prows were turned to leave these island-homes all hearts went with her; and as the regal pageant faded from the view, the prayers of all arose, "that God would guide and keep that noble Queen, of whom indeed it could with truth be said she never caused a tear, but that of joy, to flow from out her glorious nation's heart." Farewell!

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

MANY people will probably wish to know the particulars of the expense of living in the Channel Islands, for the information of such persons I have added this supplementary chapter. Of my own actual experience I can give more precise information respecting Jersey, but there is not much difference between it and Guernsey with regard to prices.

House-rent is moderate; in general a green-house is attached, in which grapes will grow and ripen; either a furnished or unfurnished house may be taken, as in the latter case, the brokers in the towns will furnish completely for you (even for a short period) and charge you about the same as the rent itself. Villas surrounded by gardens are to be found in great variety in the suburbs, the town (of St. Helier's) having been rather overbuilt; lodgings may also be had in abundance. In Guernsey houses are scarcer, but still can easily be got. There is one thing I must particularly warn strangers against, *i. e.* the extraordinary law of Jersey, if you take a house with an agreement to pay

the rent quarterly and in advance, your doing this and paying your rent regularly, is no prevention to their coming down on you for the whole rent when they please before it is due, or at any rate suddenly require you to give security for the payment of it. In happy ignorance of this law I (being compelled to leave the island in haste) ordered all my baggage to be packed up and one box sent over to me in England; I had paid my rent in advance, and there was no more due for some weeks: to my surprise I heard the Sheriff had laid an embargo on everything, and my things were to be sold to pay the rent *not due*, unless in the meanwhile I paid it; it occasioned me a great deal of trouble, but eventually I did recover my effects.

Provisions are plentiful and good, generally a little cheaper than in England; bread is about the same price as in England; meat was in 1855 eight English pence per pound, and this pound weighs about 17½ oz.; it might, however, have been bought in the French market for fivepence per pound, but this meat is of inferior quality, a good judge, however, could always pick out very good wholesome joints.

The supply of fish in Guernsey is most abundant, and very cheap; in Jersey the supply is moderate, and the price higher. Poultry is moderate in price, and eggs very cheap.

Tea is cheap and good, and all things exciseable in England are here free from duty.

Wines and spirits are, perhaps, the cheapest of all the luxuries obtained in Guernsey and Jersey. I append this following list of prices taken from one of the first merchants'

printed lists for 1855, most of them I can pronounce very good.

	s.		s.	
Port	30	to	36	per dozen.
Ditto	20	„	26	„
Spanish	18		...	„
Lafitte and Chateaux Margaux	60	„	72	„
St. Julian	36		...	„
St. Esteple, &c.	30		...	„
Light Clarets	16	„	18	„
Chambertin and Richebourg	54		...	„
Beaune	26		...	„
Pomard	36		...	„
Hermitage	48		...	„
Sherry	18	„	36	„
Madeira	48		...	„
Marsala	14		...	„
Bucellas and Mountain	20		...	„
Champagne	36	„	60	„
Moselle and Hock (sparkling)	54		...	„
Moselle	36		...	„
Rhenish and Muscat	24		...	„
Barsac and Chablis	20		...	„
Grave	18		...	„
Sauterne	32		...	„
Cognac	36		...	„

These prices are all in Jersey currency, and as twelve English shillings equal thirteen Jersey, there is, of course, a considerable reduction to be made.

Cigars, tobacco, and snuff, are also very cheap ; cigars of a good quality are fourteen shillings a hundred, cheroots ten for a shilling.

Female servants ask six to twelve pounds a-year wages, and expect to be allowed to see their families and friends on Sundays, and occasionally to go out to a merrymaking.

Gardeners' wages are rather high, and men are scarce. Indoor men-servants are almost unknown, and can with difficulty be found in the Islands.

The markets are excellent, very spacious, and sheltered. The principal market-days are Wednesdays and Saturdays, but there is generally a supply of everything brought in. Fruit and vegetables are rather cheaper than in England, but not much so, the constant steam communication now nearly equalises the prices.

The shops are very good, many of them are in the French style, and present a very pretty appearance; French goods are cheap, and embroidery, lingerie, &c., are very moderate.

Riding horses are charged about six shillings a-day, and one-horse carriages eight, larger carriages with a pair of horses, twelve shillings ; and the driver expects a *pour-boire.*

There is a public library, the subscription to which is five shillings a-year, but it does not contain many works of interest to the general reader ; there are also circulating libraries, containing very fair selections of new books. Books can be purchased cheaper than in England ; for, owing to the competition, the booksellers let you have a shilling book for a Jersey shilling, *i. e.*, they return you a penny.

There is little or no boating, it being too dangerous; the principal amusements are riding, walking, driving, bathing, and pic-nicking in summer; in winter, wild-fowl shooting, balls, parties, &c. There are also good horticultural meetings, the theatre, and cafés; occasionally, too, military reviews and the races. To people not dependent on field-sports for their amusement, the Channel Islands will prove a most agreeable residence.

There are, as has been previously mentioned, numerous churches of the Protestant religion, and chapels and meeting-houses in abundance; in general, the service is in French, but there are also English services at several of the churches.

It will be gratifying to visitors to be informed of the fact that no accident has ever yet happened to the mail-packets, which run regularly, summer and winter, from Southampton. The new line from Weymouth will be a great convenience to people in that part of England, and will be a shorter passage. There is a very nice, well-commanded boat that runs from Jersey to Granville and St. Malo in three to four hours. This boat also goes excursions to Sark and Alderney; likewise round the island, &c., in the summer months.

French money appears to be the principal currency in Guernsey, and English in Jersey; but they are equally acceptable to the tradespeople. The banks issue one-pound notes, and there is very little gold in circulation.

Physicians' fees are extremely moderate; they usually

send in an account, not charging by the visit. It is the cheapest place to be ill in I ever knew.

There are several newspapers published — some in French, and some in English—in both islands; they contain all the local intelligence, and a summary of news from the London journals; they are very cheap, and generally well conducted.

To people wishing to educate young families, Guernsey and Jersey offer peculiar advantages. The Colleges of Queen Elizabeth (Guernsey) and the Victoria (Jersey) are excellent establishments; the education very good, and the terms moderate. There are also numerous private establishments. French being spoken as commonly as English, the pupils acquire a thorough knowledge of that language as a matter of course.

To conclude; as far as I could judge or ascertain, the Islands are very healthy, and the excellent sea-bathing will be found to strengthen the constitutions of young persons who regularly indulge in this delightful recreation.

THE END.

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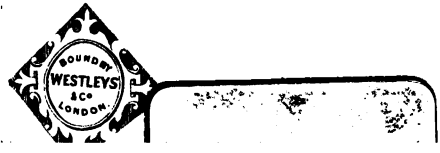
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